JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 19, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1792

OUR NEW WONDER PLANES

AIR RAIDS! £2,350 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

NO PATCHED UP PEACE *by the* EDITOR

Bournville Cocoa down in price!

~~6d~~ now costs 5d PER QTR. LB.
9½d per ½ lb. • 1'6d per lb.

— NOW CHEAPER THAN BEFORE THE WAR

Bournville Cocoa is down in price. By cheaper packings, economies in distribution and the withdrawal of Coupon Gift Schemes, savings have been made which, according to our practice, we are at once passing on to the public.

Cocoa is a concentrated food; and thus this action is in line with Lord Woolton's appeal to manufacturers to find means of making the price of staple foodstuffs as low as possible.

QUALITY UNCHANGED

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No flies on this flier!

No *Sir!* In my job you can't afford to take chances. Not with tobacco, I mean. After one pipeful of some tobaccos I wouldn't trust myself to fly a trainer straight let alone a Spitfire. Too heady, I suppose . . . gets you in a flat spin before you can say 'riddle my rudder-bar.' But Four Square . . . that's different! Ask any of the chaps in the Mess and they'll tell you the same. Four Square's a *real* smoke. Good, honest tobacco leaf with none of your tricky artificial flavouring! So take my advice. Next time you're dropping in on your tobacconist, ask for a tin of Four Square. There's nothing like it for keeping your head above the clouds.

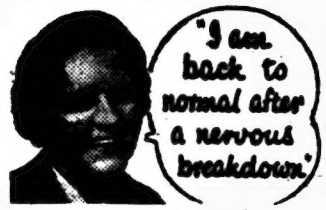
FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

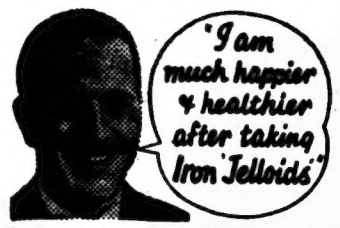
also Four Square Cigarettes—1/6 for 20 7819

RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers will be doing a National Service in returning empty tins to their tobacconist.

IRON-STRENGTH
will give you NERVES OF STEEL!



"Two years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown and had given up all hope of ever being able to carry on with my profession or going for long walks as I had been used to, but thanks to your wonderful Iron 'Jelloids,' I am now back to normal and really 'feeling my feet' again."
(Miss)—L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., etc.



"I have found Iron 'Jelloids' to be a great tonic. Before taking Iron 'Jelloids' I was a nervous wreck, and terribly anæmic. I found it very hard to do my work. I used to get tired long before I had finished my day's work, and found it impossible to carry on. Now I am feeling a much happier and healthier man. I shall certainly recommend them."
(Mr.) ——

The 'state of your nerves' depends mainly upon the actual physical tone of your nervous system. If your nervous system is below tone and enfeebled, you are bound to suffer from nervous debility, or nervous exhaustion—to feel that your nerves are not strong enough to cope with the increasing stress of life, to find that you cannot sleep restfully, or enjoy your food, or get through the day without becoming distressed and irritable.

A prime cause of lowered nervous tone is *iron-starvation.* If you are iron-starved, your blood is weak and unable to maintain the nourishment of your nerve fibres. To make your blood red, rich and nutritious, to make your nerves strong, you *must* have IRON—and plenty of it!

Extra IRON will give you nerves of strength and endurance—*nerves of steel!* And it is so easy. *Just start taking Iron 'Jelloids' with your next meal.* Iron 'Jelloids' are easy to take, cannot injure the teeth, and improve appetite and digestion. As your Iron-strength grows, you will find yourself getting better in every way, every day. Not only will your nerves be strengthened, but your energy will increase, your appetite and digestion will improve, and you will find yourself taking an altogether better view of life.

Everyone should read this Free Book

You *must* read our new booklet, "IRON-STARVATION, *the Thief of Health and Strength,*" which will be sent post free on receipt of this coupon. Some headings are: Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy — The Vicious Circle of Iron-starvation — How Young Girls Suffer — Danger to Expectant Mothers Iron as Beauty Treatment—The Iron-starved Man The Iron-starved Child — Hints on Diet — etc.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine).

fortify you with IRON-strength!

All chemists and stores, 1/3 and 3/-.

The word 'Jelloids' is regd. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

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J.B.19/10/40

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Larger Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 2/6

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BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Oct. 19, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

ALL EYES ON THE HOME FRONT

LET us get this straight—nothing has happened in the recent storm days to impair our confidence and our optimism.

Once again Hitler has taken the initiative in far-off lands. Now it is the Balkans that are dissolving and reforming under the weight of Axis threats. New scenes are opened in the theatre of war.

We have no reason to rejoice at that. But neither have we cause for dismay.

Confession of Failure

Hitler's bayonet thrust into South-East Europe confronts us with fresh complications. But it is unlikely to succeed in cutting our life-line to the oilfields of Iran and Iraq, and it may bring the dictators face to face with new and powerful opponents.

It is a measure, also, of Axis desperation. It is proof that Hitler's plans have been baulked. It is an admission of failure.

Britain Carries On

Wherever he may strike, the enemy cannot win unless he paralyses Britain's industries, grinds Britain's defences to dust, and conquers the people of Britain.

He has tried to do so. **But his fighter 'planes have** failed to destroy the **R.A.F. and have suffered terribly** in the attempt. **He has been forced to adopt the** night bombing **he despised—and that, despite the** tragedies it has caused, **has failed in its objects.**

Our industry has not been halted. Even our export trade flourishes. The morale of the people has not been impaired, but enhanced.

Above all, the enemy has had to postpone his invasion plans from the favourable days of summer to the hazardous eve of winter.

First Things First

Shall we follow him in his reckless drive through Europe?

Certainly we must see that he has no joyride through Egypt and the Balkans. We must hamper and harass him. We should try to forestall him wherever possible.

But always we should devote our main strength to striking at his main forces rather than his outposts.

Total War

We must intensify our bombing of Germany, resume our onslaughts on Italy. Build more bombers, make more bombs!

LORD SOUTHWOOD

will broadcast a very special message to every working man and woman in the country after the 1 o'clock News on Sunday, October 20.

Be Sure to Listen In

The Navy—foundation of all our fighting strength—must be increased still further. Keep our shipyards noisy with the clang of riveting and the blows of hammers!

Let us have more tanks, shells, guns and rifles! We cannot have too many for the vast armies that we shall launch next Spring.

Reward for Service

And all that is up to us—not the Government. Hitler cannot win if the arms of British workers are tireless, if British women maintain their heroic calm.

They will have their reward in freedom from the monstrous tyranny that Hitlerism seeks to impose on them, in a Better Britain that must be fashioned after the war.

Rightly, the Government is keeping its eyes on the Home Front, is already planning that Better Britain.

Rebuilding Britain

In the War Cabinet, Mr. Bevin and Sir John Anderson are busy on post-war reforms. They are taking steps to prevent unemployment when victory is won, to make easy the transfer of workers from war to peace work.

Sir John Reith has the mighty task of rebuilding the bombed slums into healthy and handsome cities.

Soon, very soon, you will read details of more immediate action.

Lightning 'Planes

New inventions are making it likely that so many night bombers will be brought down that the raids will become shorter and infrequent. New night fighters, better searchlights, improved gunnery!

New day fighters, backbone of our air defences, are in production. Soon they will hurtle through the sky at more than 400 miles an hour.

An overwhelming match for the new German Focke-Wulf, a two-seater fighter that boasts a speed of 325 miles an hour—less than that of our years-old Spitfires!

Army to the Rescue

Mr. Herbert Morrison is clearing up the mess in the Ministry of Home Security.

"John Bull's" demands are being met: Army field kitchens are being rushed to London in case of gas or electricity breakdowns.

Troops are helping the rescue squads. The unemployed are being recruited to speed up road repairs. The Tube scandal is being ended; London Transport is giving better services.

Playing Hitler's Game

But there is still much to be done. The Cabinet should tell the Army to increase its bomb-disposal squads—and to increase their Tommies' pay by "danger money."

One reader tells us that an unexploded bomb has been left in her garden for nearly a month. How much longer must she remain homeless?

Time bombs are allowed to hamper traffic in busy roads. Why play Hitler's game?

Factory Dead-ends

The new Minister of Supply, too, has urgent tasks. Week by week, letters reach JOHN BULL from workers who tell of plant that stands idle for weeks on end.

Cut out the delays in supplying raw materials! See that foremen do not encourage slacking in order to "spread over the work" and qualify for overtime rates!

Ensure that our war effort is not threatened by a chance "lucky hit." One factory alone makes a certain arms component. That is too big a risk to take.

Funk-hole Tactics

Aircraft workers must remain at their benches until danger threatens. There must be no hold-up of the bombers we need to smash the German war machine.

Yet still, in some factories, all work ceases directly the siren sounds.

That, too, plays the enemy's game. If we are all in the front line, let us behave like soldiers. And soldiers do not bolt for cover whenever a shell is fired miles away.

Missing the 'Bus

Our diplomatic service needs new blood. Our foreign propaganda is the world's laughing stock.

Events in the Balkans are the latest examples of missed opportunities and fumbling inefficiency.

Mr. Bevin, in one of the war's most remarkable speeches, has told us of his determination to end the fusty ignorance of our diplomats. But there is no sign, yet, that the Ministry of Information is to revise its foreign news service, to prevent the Axis from reaping a harvest from lies, to hearten our friends abroad.

Fight at Home!

So let us remember, when watching the turmoil in Rumania and Bulgaria and Greece, that the war must be fought and won in Britain's workshops, homes—and Whitehall.

By all means, we must counter the dictators in their fresh fields of conflict. But our main energies must be devoted to producing still more bombers and bombs, battleships and guns, to keeping our strategy alert and our hearts high!

(Continued overleaf)

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUES FOR AIR RAID VICTIMS

£2,350 CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A £200 Policy—underwritten at LLOYD'S—
for every reader against

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION

SEE PAGE 10

★ Jolt for Squandermaniacs

★ "Hitlers" of the Shelters

★ Samaritan Driver Penalised

★ Anti-Noise Campaign Need!

★ Raid Helpers Can't Help

(Continued from preceding page)

WHITEHALL still has spendthrifts. Some of them draw fat salaries for doing nothing.

They buy land at fantastic prices, then find it isn't wanted. Huge sums are spent on useless goods. Contractors are allowed to get rich quick by inflating costs on official contracts.

Parliament will shortly receive a report from the Select Committee on National Expenditure demanding that these scandals should come to an immediate end.

Living Costs Demand

A deputation of Labour women will soon be asking the Government for sterner measures to keep living costs steady.

They want a stricter hold on profiteering, economies in distribution, more food subsidies.

Mr. Ernest Bevin strongly supports these proposals.

Now that he's in the Cabinet they are bound to be adopted.

Shot Out of Shelters

Mr. Herbert Morrison has it in his power to decide whether wardens can make public shelters available for the public rather than a selfish few.

Some Middlesex people, bombed out of their home, had a seven minutes' walk through intense gunfire to a public shelter. But they couldn't get in because people had taken three or four forms each, laid mattresses on them and refused to make room for newcomers.

A JOHN BULL man whose home is unsafe has tried in vain for a fortnight to find room among the beds in a London street shelter.

Here's His Chance

How can women and children spend ten hours a night in Anderson shelters that are flooded by eighteen inches of water?

Local authorities are blamed for not carrying out drainage work. But, as one City engineer has told a protesting reader: "Cement supplies have been cut by two-thirds by the Government and the available supply is being utilised to provide shelter for households who have none."

Here's the chance for the new Minister of Supply to do a first-class service to the nation.

Scholars under Desks

Air raid shelter is refused to a girls' school in a district full of troops, near a great port, a bomber aerodrome, and a famous naval base.

The children—and infants—are expected to crawl under their desks.

Since bombs have fallen near the school parents have been keeping their children at home and are threatened with summonses.

Yet you can be sure that they'd be glad to help digging trenches.

Kindness Punished

It doesn't always pay to help your neighbour.

A motor driver, forgetting that his car carried trade plates, gave a lift to a woman who had missed her 'bus.

Both he and his firm have been fined at Kettering for "carrying an unauthorised person."

If Kettering police haven't anything more urgent to do than uncover technical breaches of the law, they're lucky.

Ask a London policeman!

Way of the War Office

Similarly, the desire to save paper can lead to irritating results.

In one Army unit correspondence files have been opened to provide scribbling-paper for the men's educational classes.

Some of the letters are only a few months old, asking for compassionate leave and revealing family troubles. Not even signatures have been obliterated.

Yet the War Office continues to waste paper by making sixteen copies of unimportant letters—five for files in the same building.

Pen Pushing

Last word on the Royal Army Pay Corps muddle, responsible for so many families going short of their allowances.

Pay Corps men who are physically fit have been transferred, rightly, to fighting regiments.

Their places are being filled by unskilled men who hardly know how to hold a pen.

Job for Mr. Cross

Trade delegation to South America is trying to increase our coal exports to provide work for the 30,000 Welsh and Durham miners who lost their jobs when France collapsed.

Stumbling-block to selling an extra million tons is the high freight. It now costs 38s. to send a ton to South America, as against 10s. before the war. But the U.S.A. has cut its freight from eleven to five dollars a ton.

Exporters complain that ships are being sent out in ballast when they should be taking coal.

Mr. Cross, Minister of Shipping, should make the freight competitive.

More A.R.P. Anomalies

A.R.P. regulations need revision.

Some boroughs insist that no A.R.P. worker shall leave his post without permission from the control centre.

That means stretcher parties cannot give immediate help if there is trouble close to their station.

And even seconds count when life is at stake.

Heroes Reprimanded

A bomb on a London suburb burst sixty yards from an ambulance post. The squad turned out, rescued thirteen people, dressed their wounds, took some to hospital.

They have been officially reprimanded for not seeking permission.

Earlier, it had taken three-quarters of an hour to get permission from the various controllers and supervisors to call an ambulance!

Knowing Mr. Herbert Morrison, we expect to see some broken official heads soon.

Down in the Dug-Out

Noise is one of Hitler's most effective weapons. We are forced to make it more effective by the gun barrage.

But this attack should be countered.

Experts say that shelters could be made noise-proof at an additional cost of 10 per cent. or even less. Ministry of Home Security is interested.

Public should co-operate.

People who sing or play accordions in shelters may display an admirable spirit, but they also stop war workers from getting sleep.

Try to be Quiet, Please!

Ear plugs, now being supplied, should eliminate nerve strain. But blaring radio sets, banging of doors and clattering up and down stairs lower the vitality of people who have to sleep by day.

Most factories could reduce machine noise by at least 75 per cent. with the use of modern methods.

It'd be Worth While

Belgian sailors in this country are provided with board and lodging under a Government scheme, yet receive little pocket money.

Two officers are billeted in a London house that has no shelter; so they go to the Tube to sleep.

This costs them 10½d. a week. As they have only 1s. 6d. a week pocket money, they can afford just ten cigarettes a week between them!

A little more generosity towards our Allies wouldn't cost the taxpayer much.

They Are Key-Men, But—

Planning engineers are key-men of aircraft factories. They must have had practical experience in the shops and a comprehensive knowledge of the whole plant. Most of them work seven days a week.

But in some factories they receive £2 or £3 a week less than jobbing gardeners or butcher lads who are taken on as semi-skilled workers.

Travelling Expenses

Finally, let us clear up a misapprehension that causes some hardship and many grumbles.

Many soldiers' wives think they can recover from the State the money they spend on fares to their husbands' camps.

Actually, free railway warrants are issued only to women whose husbands are seriously ill.

National Health and Unemployment Insurance have ramifications and many people are puzzled as to benefits due to them when illness or unemployment comes their way. JOHN BULL can tell you all you want to know in this connection. Write for elucidation of difficulties on these or any other subjects to JOHN BULL's Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All that you have to send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.

Behind the News

● **Answer to the night bomber is not the only surprise awaiting Hitler. Soon we shall be striking at vital German centres—as far as the eastern frontiers of the Reich—with new 'planes whose details are still closely guarded secrets.**

● *Mussolini's greatest problem—mastery of the Mediterranean — still remains unsolved. At the Brenner war council Hitler was forced to admit that the British Navy could defeat the combined efforts of the Nazi-Fascist fleets; both dictators left without being able to propose any means of countering this "long-distance" peril to their plans.*

● While Nazi occupation of Rumania continues, original plans have been delayed by Goering's inability to spare 'planes or men from the Luftwaffe. Instead, Italy is having to supply the new Rumanian air arm. This has weakened Mussolini's striking force in Egypt and also caused Nazis to fear that Mussolini may later try to undermine German "sphere of influence" in the Balkans.

● **Turkey stands fast. This is the report just made by Nazi Ambassador von Papen, in spite of Hitler's drive on the Balkans. Now von Papen has received fresh instructions not to spare money, personal efforts or threats in order to create new trouble in Turkey. Several propaganda experts sent out to help him have been turned back at the frontier.**

● *Nazi influence in Spain is losing ground through the failure of the Luftwaffe and the postponement of the invasion. Himmler's visit to Spain is the result. It is not to study the methods of the Falangists, but to mete out punishment to German agents who have been blamed for Spain's refusal to enter the war.*

● Round-up of suspect Italians in Egypt has been completed. They were offered the choice of internment in India or deportation back to Italy. Not one chose to return home.

● **Reopening of the Burma road is expected to swing over all-China opinion so strongly in favour of Britain and America that Japan may soon be faced with a renewed land offensive. Such an offensive may have serious repercussions inside Japan.**

● *Understanding between U.S.A. and Britain is so complete that, should it become desirable, the Singapore naval base would immediately be placed at the disposal of the American Navy. Appointment of liaison officers between the two navies is now being worked out in detail.*

● Hundreds of Dutch fire engines have been sent to the Ruhr, Belgian engines to Berlin, to help put out fires started by the R.A.F.

No Patched-up Peace

Without Fear or Favour by the Editor

FRESH from its latest kill and greedy for a chance to gorge at leisure, the Nazi wolf pack might be glad enough to stay the fight with its only remaining foe.

John Bull believes, in other words, that the enemy is likely to make another "peace move" in the near future. And, from the Nazi point of view, the terms may be "generous."

Let us remember that there can be no compromise between men and wolves.

Either we shall destroy "Hitlerism" or be ourselves destroyed. This fight can only end in a knock-out. A no-decision verdict is out of the question.

American correspondents have been telling us that we must learn to hate. They are right, and it ought not to be difficult. Those who have watched the demolition squads at work, and seen the pitiful bodies of children taken from the wreckage of once-happy homes, *must* hate the villainy that cloaks these frightful crimes with the name of war.

AND YET, WHEN THE NAZI AIRMEN BALE OUT OF THEIR MURDER MACHINES, THEY ARE ESCORTED POLITELY TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION AND TREATED AS "GENTLEMEN" IN THEIR PRISON CAMPS!

That cannot be helped because the "rules of war," which are being broken all the time with such callous and dreadful cynicism, still protect all men in uniform acting under orders.

But British children have sometimes strewn flowers upon the graves of Nazi bombers, and we cannot understand the sentimentality which permits such things to happen.

John Bull, for its own part, regards the great majority of Nazi flying men as Goering's willing tools.

THERE ARE SOME EXCEPTIONS. ONE GERMAN AIRMAN BROUGHT DOWN RECENTLY IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID: "DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME; I SURRENDER. MY OWN BROTHER WAS SHOT FOR REFUSING TO BOMB THE BRITISH INDISCRIMINATELY."

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE LUFTWAFFE DOES NOT LACK MEN WHO ARE GLAD TO MACHINE-GUN OUR CIVILIANS IN BUSY SHOPPING STREETS.

And that is neither to be forgotten nor forgiven.

We need to remember that Hitler and the cut-throat gang that surrounds him have trained millions of Germans to despise every decent and human sentiment.

They are without pity and without scruple. They openly proclaim the worthlessness of their promises. They boast that no treaty can bind them a moment longer than it suits their purpose.

If it were possible to imagine that our own people were equally dead to honour and equally contemptuous of their most solemn obligations, *still* we should deny the possibility of a compromise with Adolf Hitler.

For this cunning fellow has outreached himself by his own treachery and greed. He has advertised his infamy and prepared us against it.

Nobody trusts him in all the world. Italy and Japan pretend to do so, and the three wolf packs may even hunt together. Russia has signed a pact with him, but trusts him still less.

As for the smaller nations of Europe, they have been betrayed in such swift succession that any treaty with the Nazis is now regarded as a death warrant.

We shall never sign our own death warrant in this way. We shall fight on until we have rid the Continent of its wolf packs and can make peace with honest men again.

Apart from a handful of sincere pacifists and a sprinkling of cranks and cowards, there is no peace party in this country. We have sustained a series of major disasters without losing heart. We have witnessed a succession of bewildering blunders and yet not lost faith in our ability to live them down.

THERE is no defeatism among us, but we detect a growing impatience. The public is prepared to fight on through any and all sacrifices to final victory, but it is *not* prepared to waste time on the job.

IT TRUSTS THE PREMIER, BUT IT HAS LITTLE CONFIDENCE IN SOME OF HIS COLLEAGUES.

IT IS SICK OF SEEING MEN WHO HAVE BEEN PROVED FAILURES IN ONE OFFICE PROMOTED TO ANOTHER, OR RETAINED FOR THE CONTINUED MISHANDLING OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

John Bull shares this impatience and this resentment. We have no doubt whatever that, in the recent Cabinet "reshuffle," the influence of the Tory Party virtually compelled Mr. Churchill to make certain appointments that he would not otherwise have made.

We could elaborate this theme, but the only point we wish to make now is that a "no compromise war" demands a "no compromise policy."

We say that the time has come to forget party politics entirely.

WE SAY, NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT MORE EMPHATICALLY THAN EVER, THAT WE NEED A GOVERNMENT WHICH WILL ACT COMPLETELY AND ABSOLUTELY UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF "EQUAL SACRIFICE."

The country has been told to "stick it." Organised labour is magnificently ready to carry on through thick and thin.

The people is fired with the "no compromise" spirit, but it is sick of highly placed "duds" and privileged incompetents. It has no respect left for the "old school tie," nd it despises all the die-hards who put vested interests before the clamant needs of "total war" and total victory.

IN this connection we are still of the opinion that the Government should make some statement of Britain's ultimate aims.

It may be impossible to talk of conditions of peace until our strength has so increased that we can confidently foresee our ability to impose them.

It is, obviously, useless at this stage even to discuss the "new map of Europe."

BUT THE SPLENDID MEN AND WOMEN OF THIS COUNTRY NEED SOMETHING BIGGER AND NOBLER TO LOOK FORWARD TO THAN THE SALVATION OF THEIR OWN SKINS.

THEY WANT TO BE ASSURED *NOW* THAT, AFTER WE HAVE SMASHED HITLER AND HIS FELLOW CRIMINALS, WE SHALL START NOT ONLY TO REBUILD OUR DAMAGED CITIES, BUT ALSO TO LAY THE FOUNDATIONS OF A NEW AND HAPPIER AND SAFER WORLD.

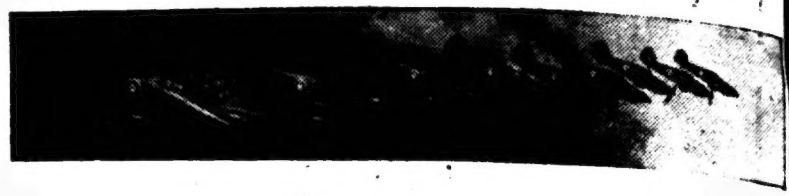
"It is only," said Mr. Churchill, "by supreme and superb exertions, unwearying and indomitable, that we shall save our souls alive."

It is our souls that need to be saved even more than our lives. Few people doubt our ability to beat the enemy in the end: many are anxious for the assurance that we shall save the nation's soul after the immediate victory has been won.

God forbid that any of our own leaders, calling upon us for our utmost fortitude, should imagine that we aspire to the rebuilding of "greater barns and vaster storehouses" upon the old foundations of greed, class prejudice and rotten "imperialism."

BRITAIN ZOOMS TO AIR SUPREMACY NOT ONLY IN AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION BUT ALSO IN THE QUALITY OF THE MACHINES THAT ARE NOW TAKING THE AIR

Our New Wonder Planes



BRITAIN'S aircraft production figures are not only soaring to heights that seemed impossible a few months ago, but also the machines being produced are superior to anything yet brought into the field by Nazi designers.

By HARRY GREGSON

Production figures are impressive.

Britain's output has not yet reached its peak, but with deliveries of five hundred aircraft a month from the United States, it already more than equals Germany's production figures of 1,800 machines of all kinds a month.

By the spring of 1941, it is estimated that Britain's peak production will be reached, while, as America's gigantic mass-production plants get into full swing, her deliveries to Britain may be doubled even trebled.

500,000 Workers

Britain's resources will not give us two machines to every Nazi machine, but we shall have achieved quantitative supremacy by a considerable margin.

This statement is not optimistic official "hand-out."

It is the considered opinion of Britain's leading independent air experts.

They examine every official statement with critical eyes.

In trying to minimise the effect of American aid for Britain, Nazi newspapers revealed that 500,000 German workers are employed in the aircraft industry.

Sir Kingsley Wood said in February that the British aircraft industry then employed more people than in the last war.

In the last war Britain had 346,362 people working on aircraft production.

If we employed more than this number in February, at least 500,000 British workers are helping in the aircraft industry to-day.

Man for man Britain has as many people working on aircraft as Germany, and the British workman is no whit inferior in speed or skill to his German prototype.

German workers, already straining at maximum output for more than five years, can't increase their production.

Apart from the problem of raw materials, British bombers have played havoc with certain essential links in German aircraft production.

The number of aircraft produced in Germany is more likely to decrease than increase

British production has not yet reached its maximum.

Lord Beaverbrook's call for more Defiant fighters tells its own story. The Minister would not ask for the impossible.

Production can be expanded even without American assistance.

But supremacy in the air is a fickle thing. It depends not only on quantity but also on quality.

Britain's main fighter aircraft hitherto have been the Hurricane and the Spitfire.

Both machines are armed with eight synchronised machine guns that have proved superior to the cannon of Nazi fighters.

But Britain is producing fighters that are not only faster and more easily manœuvrable than the Messerschmitt and Heinkel but will also possess superior armaments.

The Air Ministry does not reveal details of the performance of these machines.

Expert Opinion

But "John Bull" can quote the opinion of an eminent designer who has inspected models of them.

"I cannot conceive any machine now in production or likely to be produced by the Germans that can approximately equal the performance of these new British fighters," he said.

This designer spent many years in German aircraft plants, and was a personal friend of Herr Willy Messerschmitt.

Soon you will see in the skies a snub-nosed American-built fighter.

It is the Brewster F2A single-seater with a 850 h.p. radial engine and a fat body that makes it look like a flying barrel.

The American armament for this machine, really intended for the Navy, is two cannon and two machine-guns.

United States machines are generally deficient both in armour and armament, and as Britain has re-equipped this machine, it would be hardly recognised in America.

Another U.S. fighter giving good service is Curtiss XP 37.

Made at Buffalo, this sharp-nosed, streamlined "Pencil," with the pilot sitting well near the tail, was so successful that its manufacturers claim they received the largest order ever given by the U.S. Army in peace time for deliveries.

More than 400 m.p.h.

The Lockheed fighter, which is also coming to Britain, does more than 400 m.p.h.

You will recognise its twin rudders and tricycle undercarriage. The rudders are carried on booms extending from the twin engines, each of 1,000 h.p.

There are many other new types crossing the Atlantic, including the Douglas B.19 bomber, with its flying range of 7,500 miles, made by the same people who manufactured the famous streamlined air liner used by the Dutch, Belgians, Swedes and the British in pre-war days.

"The Brewster, Douglas and Curtiss machines," Lord Beaverbrook has stated, "are equal to our best machines."

There are several reasons for believing that the Germans are reluctant to change their existing type of machines, despite their inferior performance in combats with Britain's older types.

Six Weeks Old

Examination of wrecked German aircraft show that they are being loaded with all sorts of "after-thought" gadgets to improve their performance.

Even the Heinkel 113 fighter, Germany's latest fighter product, has such gadgets incorporated.

Again, some of the machines shot down over this country in recent weeks were finished less than six weeks ago.

At first Hitler used against Britain the old types of craft with which he battered Poland and the Low Countries. Now he is using the newly produced machines.

The moment of which British air experts dream is when Goering, half-way through equipping his Air Force with new types, should be met by an R.A.F. fully equipped with new machines.

Then the fate of Hitler would not be long in the balance.

But even if this dream is not realised, we shall keep ahead of Goering's aircraft industry.

Recent steps taken to increase still further delivery of American aircraft include complete standardisation of aircraft and equipment so that machines of the U.S. Air Corps and the R.A.F. will be identical.

This is a phenomenal step.

American machines will no longer have to be rearmed and modified in Britain. This will be done to British requirements in the States.

Mastery of Sky

Improvements in design arising out of Britain's fighting experience will be incorporated in American machines for delivery to us.

Almost every aircraft firm in the U.S.A. has made great extensions to its factory floor space, and new works are being built to cope with the aircraft manufacturing drive.

In the final design, British and U.S. aircraft will be able to interchange parts.

In the newly expanded factory of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation at Paterson, New Jersey, the most powerful aircraft engine in the world, developing 2,200 h.p., is in process of manufacture.

Four such engines will be fitted to the new Douglas bomber, which has a wing span of 210 ft., enabling it to fly 6,000 miles (ten times the distance from Britain to Berlin) with eighteen tons of bombs and a crew of twelve.

Britain's coming air supremacy, if things go according to plan, cannot be denied.

Five American journalists, recently arrived in New York from London, expressed the opinion that Great Britain would gain the mastery of the skies sooner than was imagined.

If Hitler is not conquered beforehand, the spring of 1941 will see the greatest air offensive ever launched—and Britain will launch it.

Why Bombs Without Sirens?

NAZI Hit-and-Run raiders are as great a problem to Fighter Command of the R.A.F. as smash-and-grab gangsters were to the police in peace time.

That is the reason why a bomb is dropped sometimes when there has been no warning of the approach of enemy aircraft.

Fighter Command is excellent, but no human fighting machine can be infallible

It is almost impossible for an enemy craft to cross our coasts without detection.

Even if sound locators fail to detect the "silent glider," observers have other means of finding the raider.

News is flashed immediately to the R.A.F. Fighter Command, which must then decide.

"Does the Nazi machine carry bombs?"

"What objective is it making for?"

"Is it likely to reach its objective?"

Failure to answer any one of these questions correctly may mean bombs without sirens.

The R.A.F. does not wish the sirens to be sounded for what is merely a Nazi reconnaissance machine.

So, if what is apparently a reconnaissance machine does carry bombs; if it changes its course suddenly; or if it manages to elude fighters and anti-aircraft ground defences in the clouds, its bombs are dropping before the sirens have sounded.

Britain is divided into several sectors for warning purposes. Those living on the fringe of these sectors get most bombs without sirens.

Supposing a craft crosses sector "A" towards sector "B."

Sirens in sector "B" will not be controlled from the fringes of the sector, but from a centrally situated headquarters.

By the time headquarters gives the warning to sound the sirens the machine has often passed over the fringes of sector "B," with or without dropping its bombs.

This is hard on those who live on the fringes of sector "B," but it cannot be helped.

You can hardly sound the alert in the whole of thickly populated sector "B" (with consequent interruption to work) because an enemy machine is flying over a few trees on the outskirts of the sector, liable to be shot down before it penetrates further.

It is impossible to guarantee that there will be no bombs without sirens.

OPEN LETTERS

Disabled A.R.P. Heroes Forced Below Poverty Line : Ultimate Aim of War Effort : Snobs Still Dodge Billeting Law : Aged Poor Deprived of Milk : No Sympathy for the Marchioness

★

Mr. WILLIAM HOLMES,
President, T.U.C.

Dear Mr. Holmes,—There need have been no comment on your pledge that the workers will fight on till Hitlerism is crushed. It should have been taken for granted.

What deserves the utmost attention is your forecast that the trade union movement's share in rebuilding Britain after the war will be even more important than its war efforts.

Week by week I have been outlining the reforms that Peace must bring, and I welcome your demand that "the human needs of every human creature shall be satisfied."

In that phrase you summarise a whole philosophy.

Nothing less will reward the ordinary people for their gigantic war burdens. Nothing less will be accepted.—John Bull.

The MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO,
Belgravia, London, S.W.

Madam,—It was generous of a friend in Ireland to send you a pound of butter. It was equally generous of you to forward £1 when you asked for more.

Yet I have more respect for the generosity of the magistrate who fined you 40s. with three guineas costs.

Too many people are trading on their wealth or position to infringe the rationing system. If any others appear before the courts, I hope they will find the magistrate in really savage mood.—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

Dear Sir,—Be ruthless with all who spoil your billeting plans! When the bombing of London began, a reader offered to accept child refugees.

She has a roomy house in a reasonably safe area, is a strong and kindly woman—but her offer has been ignored.

Yet, in other districts, women and children have had to sleep in the open because billets had not been arranged for them.

I have heard of several clergymen who refuse to accept evacuees. I can tell you of large houses that seem to have escaped the billeting officer's attention though humble cottages near-by are overcrowded with refugees despite the lack of sanitation.

Why are the snobs not prosecuted? Why should only the poor have to suffer inconvenience and lack of privacy?

Military authorities still fail to co-operate.

Mansions are reserved for a few officers instead of accommodating hundreds of bombed-families.

Officers have been instructed to seize empty buildings and instal a few men as caretakers to prevent civil authorities from taking them over.

Your Department and the War Office should make a joint plan, reserving some billets for troops and the rest for evacuees.

Too much has been left to chance in this vital business. There must be an ordered scheme, and no backslider should be allowed to upset it.—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON,
Minister of Home Security

Dear Sir,—Here is an S O S from all A.R.P. workers, the brave men and women forced below the poverty line if bomb or splinter disables them.

Directly they are injured, their pay is heavily reduced. Soon it stops altogether.

They have then to depend on disability pay from the Public Assistance Board, and no convalescent home opens its doors to them when they leave hospital.

If they are killed, only the subscriptions of relatives and colleagues save them from paupers' graves.

A minor but typical example is provided by a A.F.S. reader who was certified to be suffering from shock.

In the first week of his illness he received 27s. 2d., from which he had to pay £1 rent, buy medical necessities and keep himself, wife and child.

The second week brought him 25s. 4d. Had he not served for two years he would probably have received even less.

You will agree that such parsimony is an insult to workers of whom the whole country is proud, and have placed us all in their debt.

And you will, I am convinced, remedy it without delay. Go to It, Herbert!—John Bull.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

My Lord,—Because many milkmen now refuse to supply less than a pint of milk poor old people who cannot afford more than half a pint have to go without.

In some instances, no doubt, the trouble is a shortage of half-pint bottles.

Whatever the cause, I am sure you will not allow anything to defeat your intention of making fresh milk available to all.—John Bull.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL,
Wood Green, London, N.

Gentlemen,—I am infuriated that you cannot dispose of the twenty tons of waste foodstuffs you collect each week for pig-feeding, even though you offer it free to farmers.

Surely it should be the task of the Ministry of Supply to devise a marketing system!

Otherwise this idiotic waste will deter other councils from doing their bit.—John Bull.

Lieut.-General H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

Dear General,—Now that the Army has a breathing space, surely there is time to remove round pegs from their square holes.

An oxy-acetylene welder, who enlisted in the Royal Engineers as a tradesman, has not had a single welding job to do in eight months.

He's not complaining, for he likes Army life. But there is an acute shortage of welders in war factories, and, if the Army cannot use his skill, he should be returned to civil work.

Yet he is merely one of thousands whose ability is frittered away. I have told of fitters who have been scrubbing floors for a year, of cooks serving as officers' waiters, of instrument makers working in the cookhouse.

Let me suggest that you ask all commanding officers to make a quick census of the talent available in their companies.

To transfer misfits may be a nuisance, but better a temporary nuisance than an abiding weakness in a fine Army.—John Bull.

ARGUE IT OUT — **BY PALLAS**

Such Are Our Real Riches

SHE sat in a public shelter near her East End home, and her eyes twinkled when someone asked her how she was putting up with the bombing.

"Me young man," she said. "Why, I'm all right. But as for *that man* I'd like to give him what for."

No touch of arrogant youth in this statement. For the old woman in the shelter was seventy-eight, and her years had bent her shoulders and gnarled her hands.

But time had not quenched the spirit and defiance that still burned in her heart. Nor had Hitler's bombs. Nor had the disruption of the lives of others around her.

One thing, perhaps more than any other, has helped to maintain the brave front of the people in the bombed streets of London—the kindness of neighbours.

The poor are helping the poor more than ever before.

If State aid is slow in reaching the families whose homes are ruined, rest assured that neighbours in the little streets will do what they can.

When the poor help they *help*. They'll share their clothes, their meals.

★ ★ ★

One landlady in an East End "pub" gives shelter in her cellar every night to about twenty people.

They rest fitfully surrounded by barrels and bottles.

There is no check on the pilferer except the innate honesty of the poor.

The landlady hasn't lost a drop of beer since she opened her cellar to the people of the little streets.

A man whose duties take him regularly into the East End told me the other day that the uncomplaining fortitude of the people was magnificent.

"No matter where I went," he said, "no matter whom I met, I never heard a whimper."

That is the spirit of the poor people of Britain—those people for whom Mr. Churchill should thank God nightly.

Some have lost everything except their courage. Others, so far unharmed, carry on with the common round, braving bombs and discomfort, death and destruction.

The poor carry on.

They take the brunt of the bombing.

They give their damnedest at munition factories, in aircraft works, in shipyards and steelworks.

They are making every sacrifice, every effort to win the war.

That's one side of the present picture of Britain at war.

It is a heartening picture—one of which we should be proud.

★ ★ ★

There is another side to the picture—a not so pleasant side.

It is that of rich slackers wasting time and money in luxury hotels in "safe" parts of the country.

A friend of mine making a business trip through the English hinterland tried in vain to get a room at a hotel.

Every hotel was full.

He saw shining cars drive up to one luxury hotel. Flunkeys handed luncheon baskets to fishin' parties. It was a parade of idleness and wealth that disgusted him.

It seemed to him—as it seems to me—incredible that when poor folks are being bombed out of their homes and workers are carrying on their jobs in face of danger, slackness can exist in England.

My friend who sought a hotel room in vain was put up by a poor man, made extremely comfortable in his cottage and charged a nominal sum of a shilling or two.

The poor, they say, will be always with us.

As long as Britain's poor stay she'll be the richest country in the world—in terms of steadfastness, endurance, fortitude and courage.

Gestapo Can't Hold France

Despite every effort of the Gestapo agents some refugees still manage to make the forbidden journey into Spain

● Unoccupied France has become a No Man's Land. Its bewildered people, threatened with famine and the terror of open Nazi rule, are now reviving their faith in a British victory.

This is the message of a prominent politician and journalist who, escaping from the Pétain taskmasters, has written the following graphic description of life in France to-day.

Though his name is famous, it cannot be revealed because his family has not yet succeeded in crossing the Franco-Spanish frontier.

LIVID fear is numbing the officialdom of unoccupied France. Everybody expects that Hitler will either take charge of the whole country or set up a puppet government even more under his thumb than the present.

Nobody dares do anything that might provoke the victors' anger. Officials even question people about their "race"—something entirely new and still illegal.

Everywhere is confusion.

Some districts carry out the Vichy decrees, others never hear of them.

But there is at least one bright spot in this murky picture; the growing sympathy with Great Britain among the ordinary people.

At last peasants, clerks, tradesmen, artisans and small employers are beginning to realise that their only hope of liberty and prosperity lies in a British triumph over Hitlerism.

That alone is a minor revolution.

For months I thought that the townsmen and villagers would never recover from their bewilderment at the stunning blow that Hitler and their own traitors had dealt them.

In the military and big industrial cliques, indeed, I saw smugly satisfied faces.

Even many humble folk seemed glad the war was over and not to care which way it had ended.

Among these people the anti-British propaganda inspired by Goebbels was highly successful.

They thought Britain would follow their own example and surrender.

They sneered that the English hadn't helped them and deserved to lose.

That is how it became possible to arrest such men as Reynaud and Mandel, Daladier and Blum.

Slowly all this is changing. Complacency is giving way to disillusion, and from disillusion action will spring.

The French keep as silent in public on political affairs as the Germans under Hitler or the Russians under Stalin. But, if you win a Frenchman's confidence, you may hear this sort of comment:

"It is not over at all. By no means! Hitler will not defeat Britain, and finally he will break his neck.

"Also for us the time will come when we shall again fight for our freedom."

In the streets and market-places food is the chief topic.

Nazis have confiscated the harvest.

Livestock is gradually becoming exhausted.

ALTHOUGH the situation is, as yet, not nearly so bad as in Germany during 1918, the winter must bring widespread hunger.

Already food is dangerously scarce in some districts, though still plentiful in others.

Throughout Southern France I noted a complete lack of butter, a shortage of sugar, and the gradual disappearance of the coffee which in France is considered a necessity to life.

For a while it was possible to obtain most other foodstuffs—if you had money and influential friends.

There was a glut of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes—and of such vegetables as carrots and beans.

Potatoes disappeared entirely for weeks, then suddenly could be bought in big quantities.

In some towns you had to pay a couple of shillings for an unsavoury meal that left you famished.

At other places you could get a fine dinner for half that price.

Bread cards were introduced in many towns; elsewhere bread was good and plentiful.

Now this mixture of abundance and scarcity is being pounded into a general shortage. Soon it will be thinned into famine.

Drastic rationing, with heavy penalties, came into force at the end of last month. The growing shortage of fuel is adding to the difficulties of supplying whatever food can be found in the warehouses.

Transport is almost at a standstill. Trains are few and irregular. There are no cars because of lack of petrol.

NO wonder, then, that a bitter note is creeping into the conversations of men-and-women-in-the-street.

But let me make this clear.

It would be folly to expect an early uprising in the provinces that pay lip-service to the Men of Vichy.

The Frenchman's patience has been proved by the astonishing events of recent months.

It was believed that he would defend his soil, inch by inch, with an almost fanatical resistance to the invader.

We thought that he would revolt rather than accept pro-Fascist rule, would die rather than lose his right to criticise and follow trade union rules. We were wrong.

None the less, there are signs that his patience and his submission to tyranny are giving way to exasperation.

French newspapers are widely distrusted.

The people know that they are the mouthpieces of pro-Nazis.

Sales of even the most famous newspapers are dwindling rapidly; many of the smaller sheets have ceased publication.

Even in occupied France, animosity towards German officials is becoming evident.

Shopkeepers serve Nazi soldiers in grudging silence; girls who talk to Germans have been thrashed in the street.

In unoccupied France, though the big industrialists are still pro-Hitler, Communism is sweeping through the factories, while the middle classes are showing an inclination to baffle their new rulers.

Obstruction is not yet openly practised. But the authorities look in vain to the people for co-operation.

Ex-soldiers study with interest whatever scraps of news they can obtain concerning General de Gaulle.

THERE is genuine sympathy for the hundreds of thousands of people who are threatened with disaster.

These are the political and racial refugees to whom France had generously given hospitality in the days of her democracy.

Germans, Austrians, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Spaniards—many of these people being half starved by the Vichy dictators in filthy concentration camps.

Under the armistice terms, France must hand over to Germany or Italy every refugee whose extradition is demanded.

So far, Europe's bullies have not invoked this monstrous "right" that would mean death for hundreds of men known to be Liberals or Socialists and deportation to the gruesome ghettos of Poland for tens of thousands of Jews.

But swarms of Gestapo agents, with the approval of Vichy, are in Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports to make sure that nobody leaves France without the Nazis' consent.

Only the illegal crossing of the Spanish border over the Pyrenees mountains gives the refugee a chance to escape.

This is the way that I managed to pass, although I am nearly seventy.

But the chances are few, and death may come to thousands if the Nazis decide to occupy all France.

Such is the plight of Britain's former ally.

Yet, for all my caution, I do not believe that she will always be content to let others fight her battles.

Too many Frenchmen are whispering: "We shall fight again for our freedom."

TROUBLE FOR JAPAN!

YOU have only to look at a map to realise why President Roosevelt attaches such importance to friendship with Russia now that Japan, drunk with pride at the part she must play in the world affairs of the Axis, is throwing fire crackers into the Pacific.

Although the United States and Britain are far more powerful than Russia as nations, it is Russia that Japan fears most.

Britain and the United States would have great difficulty in coming to grips with Japan in a war.

Singapore is as far from Japan as New York is from Southampton.

Still greater distance separates the United States naval base at Honolulu from Japan.

But Tokio is only two hours' flying time from Russia's bases in the maritime province of East Siberia.

* * *

Japanese troops marched into China, because the proximity of the Chinese coast, with its stocks of rice, coal and other essential commodities, meant that constant supplies would be assured.

Yet an Anglo-American attempt to blockade Japan by sending warships into the Sea of Japan would be a risky undertaking.

Japanese submarines and aircraft are active in these comparatively narrow waters, and there would always be the possibility of meeting larger units of the Japanese Navy—ten battleships and twelve heavy cruisers—operating from such convenient bases as Sasebo, Kure, Yokosuka and Ominato in Japan proper, from Chinhai at the tip of the Korean Peninsula, and from Formosa, off the South China coast.

Warships operating from the Soviet Siberian coast could be assured of air support, and it is no secret that Russia has concentrated large numbers of submarines and aircraft at her naval bases of Vladivostok and Okhotsk in recent months.

Japan would soon suffer if a blockade were operated with Russian support.

Even if the Allies are not supported by Russia, the Japanese have every reason to fear being involved in hostilities with the United States and Britain.

* * *

Of Japan's potential field forces of 2,174,000 men, a million are needed in Manchukuo and China.

One-fifth of Japan's Air Force must be kept in China, leaving her with only 4,800 aircraft, one-half of which are fighters, for service elsewhere.

If Stalin increases his aid to General Chiang Kai-Shek, Japan will need to keep still more troops and aircraft in China.

Meantime, the Japanese Army suffers from a lack of mechanisation.

The Japanese are trying to create a second mechanised division, but even this will give them only a degree of mechanisation aspired to by Turkey, a country with one-third of Japan's population.

The Japanese two-man tank is considered out of date by British and American experts, and their aircraft are mainly foreign models, built under licence.

* * *

There are disadvantages in using foreign-designed aircraft. Russians discovered this in Finland.

When relations become strained between the country that designs the machines and the country that borrows the designs, transmission of improvements automatically ceases.

As the Japanese are not considered original thinkers, an inferior Air Force, apart from lack of iron ore, oil, rubber and tin, may be a major defect in their war machine.

THE WAR THIS WINTER

By A. G. GARDINER

★ Keen observer of the trend of world affairs, A. G. G. says that if we can beat Hitler in North Africa as we have done in the Straits of Dover, this winter will bring the end of the war in sight.

ON the brink of winter the war enters on its fourth phase. In the terms of "the ring," three rounds have been fought. Two have gone to Hitler.

The third has gone against him. And in going against him it has upset the German scheme of conquest.

That scheme was based on the idea of a lightning war that would bring all Europe to the dust by last summer.

With the collapse of France in the middle of June Hitler seemed to have his programme well in hand.

Nothing remained but to turn his lightnings on this island and to reduce us to as abject a surrender as that of France.

But the summer that was to see the extinction of Britain and the British Empire is over and gone, and Britain and the British Empire still stand.

They stand not merely unshaken, but with a gathering might that has staggered the enemy and astonished the world.

HITLER'S LIGHTNING WAR HAS BROKEN ON THE CLIFFS OF DOVER, AND A NEW WAR THAT HE HAD NOT BARGAINED FOR AND THAT HE WILL NOT WIN LIES BEFORE HIM.

Before turning to that new war, let us take measure of the defeat he has suffered.

It may well prove to be the most decisive defeat in history—the Moscow prelude to Hitler's Waterloo.

The invasion and conquest of Britain has been the dream of the German warmongers for fifty years and the fulfilment of that dream has been the crowning ambition of Hitler.

It was not only to clear the path of the one obstacle to Germany's World Empire, but it was to be the indisputable proof that Hitler was, as he claimed to be, "the greatest German of all time."

With Britain brought to the dust, the conquest of the world would be assured and his own glory would be beyond earthly challenge.

The effect of the rude awakening of the past two months on the mind of Germany and the prestige of Hitler can be left to the imagination.

What is important in its bearing upon the future course of the war is the reason of the defeat.

Hitler gambled on one calculation. And he gambled wrong.

He had no adequate navy to hold the seas while his army landed.

But he believed that he had such an overwhelming superiority in the air that he could win outright with that arm alone.

It would destroy our Navy.
It would destroy our Air Force.
It would destroy our factories.
It would shatter our nerve. It would bring us in panic to our knees.

The reverse of these things has happened.

Our Navy holds the seas unharmed. Our people have risen to the great argument with a heroism that has won the admiration of the world.

London has written and is writing an immortal page in its history.

And the revelation of the war has been the astonishing triumph of our airmen.

Without indulging in extravagant hopes, it is reasonable to believe that having failed to conquer England from the air by lightning war Hitler will never succeed in conquering us by an air war of attrition.

It may be, as Mr. Churchill reminds us, that Germany has resources greater than she has yet disclosed.

BUT SO ALSO HAVE WE.

AND WHAT IS BEYOND DOUBT IS THAT BOTH IN MEN AND MATERIAL WE HAVE ESTABLISHED SUCH AN AIR SUPERIORITY ON OUR OWN SHORES THAT AN EFFECTIVE INVASION AT ANY TIME IS NO LONGER A REAL DANGER.

All the recent activities of Hitler and Mussolini indicate that they accept the fact of defeat.

The meeting at the Brenner Pass had for its object the shifting of the main theatre of the war from the Straits of Dover to the Mediterranean and the Near East.

If Britain cannot be whipped at home, it is hoped that she may be whipped abroad.

This does not mean that the attack on our shores, and on London in particular, will cease.

It may for a time even be intensified with the object of keeping our forces, and especially our air reserve, remote from the new battleground.

But it does mean that the idea of a lightning decision and of an early end of the war is abandoned.

The original scheme was that the blow at Egypt should be delivered by Mussolini when Hitler's invasion of Britain was in full blast and when victory was assured.

BUT the failure of Hitler to fulfil his part of the contract has left Mussolini stranded.

He had not bargained to take the offensive against a formidable and unbeaten enemy.

His idea of war is to deliver the stab in the back when the foe is hammered to his knees in front.

He has been waiting unavailingly for the moment to come when a triumphant Hitler, fresh from his conquest of Britain, would be at his back to see that nothing untoward happened to him.

WE MAY ASSUME THAT THE MEETING AT THE BRENNER WAS NOT FREE FROM ACRIMONY.

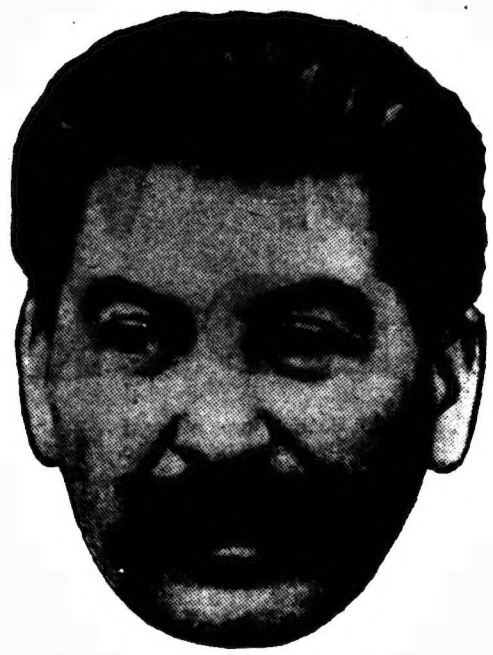
IF MUSSOLINI HAD REASON TO COMPLAIN THAT HITLER HAD LET HIM DOWN OVER BRITAIN, HITLER HAD ABUNDANT GROUND FOR RETORTING THAT HIS JACKAL HAD LEFT HIM IN THE LURCH ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT.

But the situation was too desperate for mere recriminations. It called for a new plan of campaign.

The revelation of Britain's growing strength in the air, joined to her command of the sea, was not the only ground of alarm.

The shadow of the United States was moving inexorably over the scene. She had one foot in the war already.

At any moment that vast potentiality might be unequivocally committed to the cause of the



When young Joseph Vissarionovitch Jugashvili joined the Bolsheviks he took the name of Stalin because it meant "Man of Steel." He'll have a chance to prove it when the Axis threatens his frontiers

enemy and that would mean a war of exhaustion to which there could be only one issue.

To counter this menace, Japan must be brought into the Axis at all costs.

That would have one of two consequences. At the best it would keep the United States officially out of the war. At the worst it would occupy her in the Pacific if she came into the war.

MEANWHILE, the frontal attack on Britain having failed to bring a swift decision, the war must be switched over to the Mediterranean and the Near East.

With the Axis advantage of interior lines, this would perplex the defence. The threat of invasion would still keep the main strength of Britain, especially in the air, on the home front.

If there were any drastic departure from that policy of caution, the interior position of Hitler might, given favourable conditions of weather and tide, enable him to make a desperate spring with some hope of success.

If, on the other hand, we take no risks on the home front our resources in the Eastern Mediterranean will be restricted.

THE OBJECT OF THE NEW STRATEGY IS TO DIVIDE THEM STILL FURTHER. WHILE ITALIAN TROOPS, UNDER NAZI GENERAL KEITEL, THREATEN EGYPT AND THE SUEZ, HITLER STRIKES AT THE DARDANELLES FROM THE BALKANS.

THAT IS THE MEANING OF THE PLUNGE INTO RUMANIA BY THE GERMAN BRIGANDS AND THE MENACE TO GREECE BY THE ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

The common goal of the two is Asia Minor and the oilfields of Irak.

We and Turkey alone bar the way. Much depends on the attitude of Russia, always obscure and always selfish.

If Stalin takes the long view he will not be a party to establishing Germany astride the Dardanelles, which will make him a prisoner in the Black Sea for ever.

If he takes the short view he may hope to buy off for a time an attack on the Ukraine and the oilfields of Baku by consenting to an attack on Turkey and the oilfields of Irak.

His choice cannot be long delayed.

Meantime we face the fourth round of the war with confidence.

Our Navy is supreme in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Our Air Force in Egypt has done brilliant work.

If we can defeat Hitler there as we have defeated him in the Straits of Dover, this winter will bring the end of the war in sight.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

STOP WAR FUND RAMPS

"SPITFIRE" Sunday was a great success. The doctor toured the suburb in his radio car urging everybody he saw, whether he knew him by name or not, to hurry to the car-park behind the cinema, there to see the damaged Messerschmitt as it lay on crumpled wings.

The local solicitor was doing a roaring trade, sitting in the soap-box cash-desk, taking the shillings that people gladly paid to see a Nazi fighter at close quarters.

And down by the Messerschmitt, a tall, graceful blonde was helping young and old, soldiers and fighters, seamen, and even airmen into the cockpit of the wounded fighter. It was worth the extra sixpence to finger the controls.

A Suburb's Effort

These genuine helpers were pleased not only by the money taken at the turnstile and at the cockpit, but also at the loose change flung into a blanket spread on the pavement at the entrance to the car-park by two enterprising helpers.

Sent no doubt by the mayor, they had arrived in the early morning, spread their blanket on the pavement and tackled passers-by with boxes, clearly labelled "Spitfire Fund."

Again and again they emptied their takings into a little black bag, then went on asking for more.

But not a penny of all the silver that was showered on their blanket went to any Spitfire Fund. Eager collectors, they were just a couple of crooks.

It would be impossible to describe in the space at my disposal all the tricks of these mean cadgers.

My investigators have heard all about a smart young woman, dressed in the best and so easy to get on with that she was soon moving in social circles.

After a time she said her husband was a War Office official keen on organising concerts to help war charities.

Everybody was keen to help this charming woman organise a concert to help the British Red Cross funds.

She engaged a troupe of dancers, rented a local hall, agreed to pay artistes anything from two to twelve guineas for their night's work and sold no end of tickets for seats.

The concert was a success.

But the artistes were a little crest-fallen when their winsome manager burst into tears at the fall of the curtain. Her husband had been delayed; he was in conference, probably; and he had the money with which they were to be paid.

They would be paid next day. But within twelve hours that charming woman had disappeared.

Then there is a man who not long ago left a West End charity organisation that was already on the police black-list. He has now appeared as a prominent member of a shady war-charity concern, but I am going to say no more than that his actions are most suspicious. I might hinder police enquiries.

Easy Money

Already the public has subscribed more than half a million pounds to "Spitfire" funds.

Most are quite genuine, but charity crooks are now finding this appeal to patriotism an easy way of making money.

A notorious group of crooks made their appearance in a Midland town with collecting boxes labelled "Spitfire Fund."

They made a lightning tour of offices, factories, workshops and cafés, collected a considerable amount of money, and vanished before the police received any notification of their impudent raid.

In another town a collector was given two boxes belonging to a fairly reputable concern. Both were soon filled with small change, but only one of them was returned to the organisation.

Some crooks arrange stalls on which they display such "air raid" souvenirs as pieces of shrapnel, small shell-caps and pieces of Nazi parachutes.

Sometimes there is a piece of the "Junkers brought down yesterday," and the board in front of the stall pleads for the local "Spitfire" Fund.

The money collected should go to the R.A.F., but it usually vanishes into the pockets of the topical charity cheats.

Police Powers

There was a time when they could wriggle through loopholes in the laws guarding charitable organisations. These laws were shot through with more holes than a colander, but the police now have such comprehensive powers that there shouldn't be any roguery with war charities.

Most people still don't realise this.

There was such a pressure of more dramatic news at the time that they weren't told about the new legislation quietly adopted by the Government to control war "charities."

Because I had been urging its introduction since the beginning of the war, I was delighted when the new Bill made it dangerous for the unscrupulous to make appeals in the name of the war, and gave local authorities the power needed to prevent charities with kindred objects from overlapping.

The Bill slipped into existence so quietly about two months ago that it must have taken even the police by surprise. That is the only reason I can offer for the continued existence of so many of the war-charity crooks.

The provisions of the Bill, similar to those introduced during the last war, enable the police to take action against men and women raising money for organisations that are not genuine charities.

Unwise Promoters

Even promoters of charities that are unwisely administered will come within the jurisdiction of the police under the terms of this new legislation.

Unless his cause is officially registered with a local authority, no organiser can now lawfully appeal to the public.

Proper committees of management must now be appointed to each charity.

Audits of accounts must be made by independent experts, and the Charity Commissioners are empowered to instruct a bank, or a person holding funds for a charity, not to part with any money without the permission of the Commissioners.

And it's no use pretending not to keep accounts.

Provisions of the Act are so wide that the Commissioners can order money to be transferred to the Official Trustee of Charitable Funds.

Any person convicted of organising a bogus war charity can be either fined or jailed—or both.

County Councils, or Borough Councils, will enforce the Act's provisions outside the Metropolitan area.

My investigators and their files have already been consulted by Scotland Yard detectives about more than one war "charity."

Playing its part in a suburban effort to raise £20,000 for fighter aircraft, this Messerschmitt was exhibited to help a genuine "Spitfire" Fund. Unfortunately crooks do all they can to cash in on such laudable schemes, but now the police have been granted new powers

"JOHN BULL" PAYS AIR RAID VICTIMS £2,350 THIS WEEK

"This money has come as a Godsend. I have five children to provide for."

SO writes a widow from the Midlands when acknowledging a cheque for £100 paid, under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance, after her husband had been killed by a bomb.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Already this week no less than £2,350 has been paid in cash benefits to air raid victims or their dependants.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free Wartime Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay. Through lack of space, due to the strict control of paper, it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms.

If you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.), addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

You Have Been Warned!

SOMETHING must be done now to stop outfitters supplying uniforms to impostors.

It is all very well for the War Office and the Air Ministry to threaten such *poseurs* with severe punishment, but it must be realised that too many men are still wearing uniforms and medals to which they are not entitled.

I have details of a dozen instances of people who have been caught in recent weeks "disguised" as soldiers and airmen.

D'Arcy Wilson, who has been wearing the uniform of the R.A.F. to "impress women," deserted his wife and children, and has victimised a number of other women.

One victim, an eighteen-year-old girl, believed him to be a test pilot.

He has had many convictions for theft, fraud and embezzlement since 1912.

Yet he was able to buy a pilot-officer's uniform without difficulty.

Another "officer," caught in Manchester, says he wore uniform for "mere swank."

Leslie de Villiars, alias Jack Elliott, recently sent to jail for obtaining money by false pretences, rivalled Goering in his love of decorations.

He "possessed" the V.C., M.C., D.C.M., M.M., Mons Star, General Service Medal and Victory Medal.

These men have been caught; how many are still at liberty?

* * *

WITHOUT commenting on the soured chivalry of those employing such dodges, I wish to reveal to the Ministry of Labour a new trick whereby men of military age are evading service.

Not having the courage to confess openly that they do not want to serve, they are willing to pay crooked friends for sanctuary.

These rogues take over a company that is either dormant or in liquidation at the lowest possible purchase price.

They appoint a managing director and a secretary and pretend to manufacture goods that bring their employees within the scope of "reserved occupations."

What price cowardice!

* * *

READERS still write to me about these new "pool" systems—despite my recent warning.

Even after reading the literature of a concern that offers dazzling dividends for an outlay of only a small sum each week, I still feel my pound is better off in my pocket.

And I advise you to be cautious.

These "easy-money" schemes are too good to be true.

Guinea for Public Benefactor

MRS. J. J. Curtis, Jubilee Street, Weston-super-Mare, has been awarded this week's guinea for valuable information about an interesting case.

Write to me about anything that you feel calls for enquiry: mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

Hannen Swaffer again faces a barrage of pertinent questions and answers them with the vigorous candour that established his reputation as a fearless critic.

SHOULD WE ACKNOWLEDGE ARMISTICE DAY?

● Armistice Day consisted merely of Two Minutes' Silence in a year devoted to a betrayal of the League of Nations and Collective Security.

It should have been stopped years ago.

Had it stimulated constructive work for peace it would have been useful. But it was a mere mockery of the dead.

This year the Government will stop the Cenotaph ceremony on the ground that the collection of a large crowd in an air raid would be dangerous.

In practical politics the Unknown Warrior was forgotten years ago.

To-day there are Unknown Warriors by thousands—in the A.R.P. services, in the fire brigades, in the factories and in the homes.

Much more practical than Armistice Day ceremonies would be payment of our debt to all those people by doing our utmost to ensure their welfare and their safety.

CAN NOTHING BE DONE ABOUT THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION?

● No, I am afraid not, unless it is closed down and then reorganised by a practical journalist. As it is, it goes on from blunder to blunder.

Why, even last week, when Winston said that Dakar was due to "a series of accidents and some errors," and called newspaper criticism "vicious and malignant," he was told that the Ministry of Information itself had officially said that letting Pétain warships through Gibraltar was consistent with Government policy!

It was wrong, you see, even over that important matter.

If the Minister of Information had been helped from the start by six first-rate journalists, instead of all the diplomats, economists, professors and museum specimens, his problems would automatically have been solved.

As it was, the more people he hired the worse became the muddle.

Nothing useful will be done till the Government states its war aims and then, hiring the anti-Nazis who best know Hitler—many of them are still interned—uses them to cause trouble in the conquered countries.

That, to-day, is all-important propaganda.

SHOULD THE CRYSTAL PALACE TOWERS COME DOWN?

● They are all that is left of London's famous pleasure resort's glass structure.

They stand in solitary straightness, ugly and useless.

"They are a landmark for miles, from almost every side," say people in the neighbourhood. "They guide bombers to attack our suburbs with accuracy."

That is not exactly true. Hitler is no more desirous of bombing Sydenham or Forest Hill than he is of destroying Hampstead and Finchley.

He needs no landmark other than the Thames, which, on any moonlight night, reflects its position in the heart of the Metropolis.

Crystal Palace towers should go because they are ugly.

And the old glasshouse will never be rebuilt as it used to be.

Still, as these towers are so ugly, and as some people fear they are dangerous—well, blow 'em up. They may not do any harm; but they cannot do any good.

IS THERE A FISH RAMP?

● Yes. Because only herrings and kippers are at present controlled; other fish is being sold at exorbitant prices.

Britain's brave fishermen face daily the perils of mines and Nazi aeroplanes. Then, when they have reaped part of the harvest of the sea at the risk of their lives, their masters receive such fancy prices that supplies are held back by some of them in the hope of squeezing dealers still more.

Although the shortage of fish is partly due to delays at the ports because of dislocation of traffic, the chief reason is the lack of Government action to control prices.

Lord Woolton, a most capable Minister, should see to this.

As it is, thousands of Britain's fried-fish shops, an important source of cheap food in working-class areas in normal times, are closing down.

Were it controlled, fish could be the cheapest of foods. Yet it is becoming a luxury for the rich.

A few days ago some fillets of haddock, which a few months ago would have been bought for a shilling or, at the most, 1s. 6d., cost 6s. 8d.

There is a case, of course, for higher prices.

But this enormous rise is definitely due to the Fish Ramp.

WHY THE SAD SIGHT OF THOUSANDS OF KIDDIES IN THE TUBES?

● Although the London County Council evacuated 344,000 children early in the war, months of stalemate lulled so many parents into a sense of false security that more than half returned. So did more than half of the 277,000 evacuated mothers.

That's why there are now more than 300,000 youngsters within the London target. That's why they lie thick on the draughty platforms—and even on the lines—of the Underground.

Many of the children, since killed in London, were brought back from the country when the Metropolis looked safe.

And you can't get them to go away again.

London County Council can still send away 5,000 a day, but only 1,500 come forward!

I spoke to the mother of a child who was sleeping on the Underground staircase of the Covent Garden station.

"If we die," said the mother, "we all die together."

Well, what is the use of praising family love if, when war comes, you indict it?

And what is the use of praising "Cockney grit" if the next week you call it stupidity?

WHY DOESN'T THE GOVERNMENT LEND IRON RATIONS TO THE POOR?

● "Stock a fortnight's food supply," urged the Ministry of Food. But many thousands cannot afford to do it.

Since the war started people have been told to hoard and not to hoard!

The view of the Ministry of Food is that foodstuffs should be as widely distributed as possible, and the widest possible distribution is effected when it is spread among the cupboards of the people.

The food stocks warehoused in Britain are huge.

Even if the worst happened we can get through another year, or even more, without feeling the slightest pinch of hunger.

Those who can't afford to stock reserves in their cupboards needn't worry.

If stores did give out—and they won't—people who have hoarded unduly would be required to make a plain statement of their stocks, and they would be required to sell enough for fair distribution.

BRITAIN IN BATTLEDRESS

ROOF-TOP SENTINELS

By Maurice Fagence

I MIGHT have been standing on the ramparts of some ancient fortress, peering over the battlements for sign of Prince Rupert's men.

The man next to me looked quite mediæval in his Little Red Riding Hood outfit of oilskins, and the lives of more than a thousand people beneath the roof we trod depended on the faithfulness of his vigil.

But this was London 1940.

The roof was the roof of a big business house.

There was no Pursuivant touch about the name of my companion.

He bore the prosaic title of Chief Spotter.

No grave and principled archers kept him watching. He stared at the sky through powerful binoculars for an enemy that kills old people, and babies, and invalids, and women of all ages.

And a wailing "Alert" had told us that that enemy was about.

* * *

I drew his attention to a machine about eight miles away to the north. He treated it to two seconds of scrutiny.

His mind carried mental pictures of the wing-form, fuselage shape, tail-unit layout and general dimensions of twenty different kinds of British and American aircraft—and nearly as many German.

"British," he said. "A Lysander."

And then veered his glasses round again to the south-east.

"Ah," he said, and picked up a white flag.

He leaned tensely now on the concrete ramparts before him.

No need to ask him whether he had seen anything. I could see the white puffs of anti-aircraft fire for myself.

Slowly he unrolled the white emblem of surrender in a great city that would never think of such a word.

* * *

A white flag, indeed. What part could it play in such a war of machines as this?

In two seconds I knew. A quick word told me that Nazi machines were bearing down on us. The Chief Spotter flicked open a box set in the wall.

He did not speak into it at once.

He knew at just what distance those machines would become dangerous to the thousand people working beneath us.

At such and such a height a machine flying at such and such a speed would have to drop its bombs such and such a distance away.

He had it all off like the twice-times table.

Those Jerries could come many miles nearer and then turn away without ever being within striking distance. Not that he would refuse to act until the last second.

Those thousand people had to have time to reach safety.

But the Hun bombers bore on, and now he decided to act.

"Clear the place," he said quietly into the mouthpiece, and waited a split second for news that his important message had been received safely.

And then he whirled that flag.

* * *

Shades of those forefathers of ours who carried the news of invasion by beacon fires, what was this that was happening under my nose?

Two hundred yards away another white flag was waving.

Beyond that yet another.

As far as my eye could see was a line of waving flags.

Many London spotters have agreed on this beacon system among themselves.

Under their feet scores of thousands of workers were proceeding in orderly fashion to complete safety.

And now a red flag sailed over our roof. Everybody was under cover.

Red flags along the same path carried the same message.

* * *

I have stood beside the spotters on shops, munition factories, office blocks, flats and premises of all kinds.

Many of them are men in small, subordinate positions in the ordinary way.

Away on top of their particular roof they are Monarchs of All They Survey.

Managing directors do their bidding.

From practical experience they have found flaws in our spotting system.

Those on isolated factories miles away from any other big premises—unhelped by such a system of co-operation as I have described—realise the hopelessness of finding a machine that is bearing down on them out of the sun.

They need the help of other posts five or six miles away, connected to them by a buzzer system.

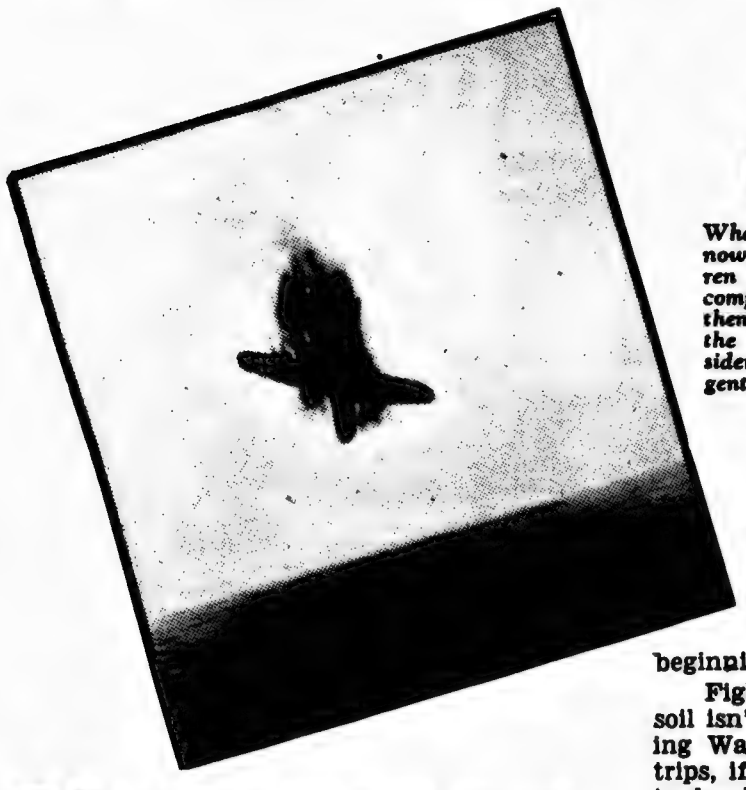
By day, by night, these men risk their lives guarding their fellows.

No poems have been written about them.

The public itself, knowing little of their work, doesn't appreciate them at their worth.

They don't worry about that.

But if the tea comes up late on a night when the wind blows with gale force, and their little pill-boxes drip water, and Jerry's continual buzzing makes "the higher the better" seem false teaching, they have more than a little to say!



What the Nazi pilots are now thinking about Herren Hitler, Goering and company for misleading them about the power of the R.A.F. would considerably alarm those gentlemen—if they but knew

Not so Ke to Die f

By S. THEOD

(Author of "The

MANY British experts have been hopelessly wrong in their predictions about the course the war in the air would take. London, they said, would go up in flames.

We should have hundreds of thousands of casualties, and millions of people would be refugees on the roads.

Even Mr. Churchill erred in this latter prophecy.

Six years ago in the House of Commons he foretold wholesale evacuation of London, with the possibility of unutterable panic.

When the war came last September, preparations were speedily made, if not partly existent, for 250,000 hospital patients in the first week.

Air-Commodore L. O. Charlton, among the leading lights of the Royal Air Force a few years ago, warned us to expect devastating onslaughts that would make London untenable.

Mr. Wickham Steed, former Editor of the *Times*, told harrowing tales of 30,000 aircraft, gases of incredible potency, cholera germs and heaven knows what else.

What's Gone Wrong?

Something has gone wrong with the works.

What is it?

Can it be that all this leviathan *Luftwaffe* is another of Hitler's gigantic bluffs?

THE RETREAT FROM DUNKIRK BEGAN TO AROUSE SUSPICION; IF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE WAS SO INVINCIBLE, THEN 330,000 MEN WAITING FOR THE BETTER PART OF THREE DAYS TO BE EMBARKED SHOULD HAVE BEEN WELL-NIGH EXTERMINATED.

We were fighting the enemy during that time with probably a tenth of his numbers.

The answer is simple enough.

You can make an aeroplane in a few weeks; to make a first-class fighting pilot takes six months' intensive training, and then only with the right material, which certainly isn't Germany's youth.

The only adequate nourishment that has come their way these last seven years has been large overdoses of Nazi dope.

To die for the Fuehrer was their life's destiny.

Quite a number of the victims are beginning to dislike the idea.

Fighting the Royal Air Force over English soil isn't the walk-over they found in bombing Warsaw and Rotterdam. Two or three trips, if they survive so many, and they start to develop jitters.

Sullenly they get into their machines, and what they have to say, under their breath, about Herren Hitler, Goering and company, would considerably alarm those gentlemen if they but knew.

Night bombing they like even less.

Until three or four months ago, they hardly knew what it was.

Now they have to go up night after night in their own land, fly two or three hundred miles, and practise the greatest terror of all—the landing in a dim light with machines they hardly know.

Good for Evil

Lying in a Kent hospital, severely wounded in that diabolical daylight attack on Ramsgate that cost many civilians their lives, was a young Nazi airman who would be a cripple for ever more.

He was paralysed from the waist downwards, and for a fortnight he lay in a coma, hardly knowing where he was.

Then, gradually, consciousness returned, and with a puzzled expression on his face as he realised that English doctors and nurses must have worked day and night to save him.

He knew our country well; in fact, he had been in London only a couple of years previously, staying with some relatives in Streatham.

Our language, also, gave him no difficulties, for he had worked in the Berlin office of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Company, where most of the staff spoke English.

Regulations forbid disclosing the actual name, but whatever his name, he had no delusions about the superiority of the R.A.F.

But, first of all, he asked the nurses whether they felt any animosity towards him.

It troubled him to think that anyone should return good for the terrible evil he had achieved.

"We won't discuss that," was the reply he received.

"But you cannot help believing we are nothing but the lowest of murderers?" the boy persisted. "What will happen when we bomb London by night? We are getting ready for it. We have thousands of machines and pilots waiting in Germany."

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, we know. I haven't done any night bombing myself, but there are plenty of men practising it."

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

They hear all manner of fearsome stories of the retribution in store for us; they are told that half our aerodromes are in ruins and ashes, that our aircraft works have already been demolished, and that in a few weeks the war will be over.

This boy had enjoyed quite an exciting career in a few months.

He had taken his machine, a Heinkel bomber, into action when the Nazis invaded the Lowlands.

For three days he had done nothing but bomb Allied troops, with little or no opposition.

FOUR TIMES IN THE FIRST DAY HE HAD RETURNED TO HIS ADVANCED STRIKING BASE TO REFILL HIS BOMB RACK, SETTING FORTH EACH TIME WITH HIS SQUADRON TO SHOWER DEATH ON THE EVER-RETREATING ENEMY.

He had been over Brussels and done his share; he had taken part in the machine-gunning of Belgian refugees.

He was one of the squadrons that flew down on Tournai and slaughtered hundreds of defenceless men, women and children—and thought it good fun.

Very Much Alive!

Not until he came up against the Spitfires and Hurricanes over Dunkirk and Calais did he appreciate that the R.A.F. was still very much alive.

According to the flaming falsehoods that came out in Army orders every night, it had been completely destroyed in France.

Three days of fighting and dodging Spitfires—mainly the latter—had played havoc with his nerves.

For the Belgian pilots he had nothing but the deepest contempt.

"They would not take their machines up," he declared. "We swooped down on

NAZI PRISONERS SPEAK—No. 2: Nourished mainly on Nazi propaganda dope for the last seven years, young Germans were convinced that to die for the Fuehrer was the greatest destiny they could fulfil. They murdered for medals, and then they flew into the fury of British fighters. And you have only to listen to them, now they are prisoners of war, to realise that the idea is no longer an acceptable creed

...en for Hitler!

...RE FELSTEAD
...iser's Master Spy")

them at Evere, the big aerodrome just outside Brussels, bombed both the machines and the hangars at our leisure, and finally occupied the aerodrome ourselves.

"There was room for three squadrons, and after the French had surrendered we were allowed to do pretty much as we pleased.

"No English machines came over for a time, and we all thought it was only a matter of days before they, too, gave in."

Counting Their Chickens

Goering, it seems, arrived in Brussels at the end of June and gave a big dinner to his beloved *Luftwaffe* at the Palace Hotel.

All the champagne in the place was drunk that historic night, and the mountainous Reich Marshal, in his celebrated white uniform, ponderously rose to his feet and told them to drink to the day when they would be dining in London.

"And that day, gentlemen," said the Fat Boy of Berlin, "will be here very soon. It may be that I shall have to ask you for one last effort; when that has been victoriously accomplished your task is over.

"The Swastika will be flying over Buckingham Palace, and the British Empire will be ours."

A heartening speech indeed!

Everybody present—more than two hundred pilots and gunners—became gloriously drunk. Every bedroom in the hotel was littered with somnolent bodies the ensuing morning.

Goering departed to shed the light of his massive presence on Paris.

The *Luftwaffe* in Belgium quartered themselves at Evere and Ghent, patiently waiting for the promised day.

IT NEVER CAME; WHAT ARRIVED INSTEAD WERE NIGHT BOMBERS FROM BRITAIN, WITH AN UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR EXACT LOCATION.

GROUND STAFFS BEGAN TO GROW MUTINOUS, AS WELL AS PILOTS.

They were removed from the huts around the aerodromes and billeted upon the Belgian people, who, with no option to do otherwise, cooked the army food they drew every day.

June passed into July, and July into August.

Most of the time they could be found drinking in Brussels, interspersed with occasional raids on England, which did nothing to revive their drooping spirits.

Nor were the women of Brussels more kindly disposed.

A squadron leader in Ciro's Club one night had a glass of wine thrown in his face by a girl whom he asked for a dance. (A German band was in evidence.)

"Salé Boche," said the young lady. "You are not fit for a pig to dance with."

The Nazi took it lying down, doing nothing more than growling threats of bringing the *Polizei*.

FOUR OF THEM, MOTORING BACK TO EVERE IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING, THROUGH THE FEARSOMELY DARK BOIS DE CAMBRE, HIT A BIG TREE TRUNK THAT HAD MYSTERIOUSLY FALLEN ACROSS THE ROAD.

TWO WERE KILLED ON THE SPOT; THE OTHERS WERE UNCONSCIOUS.

NEXT DAY, WHEN THE GERMAN MILITARY POLICE INVESTIGATED THE AFFAIR, THE TREE HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED.

Obstinate England

Bad news came in with August.

Apparently obstinate England wouldn't see reason; the war must go on, and they must fight another *blitzkreig* in the air.

Vast numbers of bombers and fighters began to arrive from the Fatherland—Dorniers, Heinkels, Junkers and Messerschmitts.

With them also came hundreds of new crews, boys who had been given twenty or thirty hours flying out on the unmolested plains of Westphalia.

They, too, had received a double dose of the Nazi dope—a mass attack on England, and a quick end.

For squadron leaders they had "veterans" of the Lowlands, those who had already had their fill and didn't in the least relish abandoning the comparatively luxurious life they were enjoying.

One after another the squadrons were wiped out.

Discipline began to grow depressingly severe.

Military police in Brussels took to checking up passes and arresting any officer overstaying his leave by half an hour.

EVERY MORNING A VAN LOAD OF OFFENDERS WAS DRIVEN TO EVERE, WITH PUNISHMENT SWIFT AND SEVERE IN THE OFFING. IT USUALLY TOOK THE FORM OF A RAID ON ENGLAND—THE EQUIVALENT TO A DEATH SENTENCE, AS MOST OF THEM WELL KNEW.

Around the machines, as they put on their coats and crash helmets, it was common to hear the victims muttering: "Well, they won't see me again."

Against this, their superiors let it be known that the Iron Cross awaited any man who brought down two of the enemy, plus the fact that no unduly severe enquiries would be made—"as the silly English do."

MANY A PILOT NOW PRISONER IN ENGLAND OPENLY CONFESSES THAT THE BEST THING HE EVER LEARNT IN THE *LUFTWAFFE* WAS TO BALE OUT EXPERTLY. THE TWO MONTHS' INACTION THEY ENJOYED AFTER FRANCE HAD GONE OUT OF THE WAR GAVE THEM AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP THIS USEFUL ART.

Hardly a man of them does not also reveal that he was sent up in a machine which he hardly knew.

Little Experience

At most of the bigger aerodromes in Belgium and France it was no strange sight to see a couple of dozen new machines arrive in one day, and then to be sent over to England two days later with nothing more than twenty-four hours to acquire the feel of it.

"Murder!" remarked one of the Nazi pilots feelingly. "You talk about it being murder to bomb civilians. "It's murder to send anybody up in an aeroplane that he has never flown before."

Sorry for himself was this refined young man, who described himself as a Doktor of Philosophy from Gottingen University.

Still, he must have learnt something there; his philosophy of life now amounted to the knowledge that it wasn't worth while dying for an Iron Cross.

As he candidly told his nurses, he didn't know there was so much food in the world until he parachuted down on our hospitable shores.

He even wanted to know whether we would allow him to stay when the war was over.

The homely soul who was attending to him replied that he had better address his query to the people who had brought him down.

"My job, Fritzi," she said, "is to get you well, and it will be worth while if it only makes you understand that with us, even a German is a human being."

Next week: What the Nazi pilots think about reprisals.

Keep the roses blooming

Often it is because her baby is ailing and fretful that a mother first turns to Nestlé's Milk. Often Nestlé's is the only thing a delicate little stomach can possibly digest.

But when the wonder has been worked and she has seen how this pure goodness builds firm limbs and puts roses into cheeks—a wise mother sees no reason, as her baby grows older, for leaving such splendid nourishment behind.

And so she spreads Nestlé's Milk thick on a slice of bread, and cleverly calls it "cream jam." No more tantrums over taking plenty of milk—milk that no other nourishment can equal or replace. Nestlé's is rich farm milk with all its cream and goodness concentrated.

Made sweeter and nicer with pure cane sugar—food and fuel for energy. Spread thicker than rationed butter on bread or in a sandwich, Nestlé's makes certain that growing children get what they need, these days.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

keeps for months, but not for ever. Use and replace your emergency stores from time to time.

Here's a 'Tip' for Warfare' SAYS Master O'Kay

OK

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"Want anything else from Boots, Mum?"

She's bicycling in to the local shopping centre where, of course, there is a Boots, for there are over twelve hundred branches in Great Britain. Like millions of other families in the United Kingdom, her family relies on Boots for all its medical and toilet needs. In every branch of Boots you can be sure of the same high standard of drug purity, the same wide choice of merchandise and the same accurate dispensing done under the supervision of one of the two thousand fully qualified chemists on duty in the branches. Last year Boots dispensed over seven and a half million prescriptions. This year Boots are making a greater and ever-increasing contribution to the nation's health.

You can rely on Boots

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"I'll show 'em, where I've had my WEETABIX!

When boys and girls dash in from their games ravenously hungry, there's nothing better for them than Weetabix. Weetabix is appetising, sustaining, easy to digest, and energy-creating. Made from whole, sun-ripened wheat—the best of all foods—not only for youngsters, but for people of all ages. Rich in the essential Vitamin B1 and the mineral salts needed for maintaining health and strength, especially in war-time. Economical too, because there is no waste. Can be served with hot or cold milk, or eaten dry in a wide variety of ways at all times of the day.

FREE—Send us your name and address for a generous sample.

Weetabix

Of all Grocers and Stores

STANDARD SIZE 7½D.

DOUBLE SIZE 1/1

RARE PIECE

By Will Scott

As they came back up the concrete steps . . . he heard Gillett gasp, saw him begin to hurry

THE old oak chest in Gillett's window wasn't the only one. But it was one of the only two so far as old John Masterman knew; and when it came to things like that old John Masterman knew pretty well all there was to know.

The other one was in Tracey's window in Chelsea, and the two chests were more alike than many a pair of peas.

Old John Masterman wanted one and one only.

He'd tried Tracey, got him down from fifteen pounds to twelve, but could not move him farther.

Tracey stuck at twelve; old John Masterman went up as far as ten. After that there was nothing doing, and old John Masterman walked out.

He wanted that chest for the corner of the hall at his little place down in the country more than he wanted anything else in the world at the moment, but if Tracey thought he was green and born yesterday he could keep on thinking.

So out he walked and kept on walking. Until he found the other chest in Gillett's window. Then into Gillett's emporium he strode.

"How much?" he asked, tapping the old oak chest with his ebony cane.

"That, sir," said Gillett, slowly warming up to things in his usual way, "is a very nice piece and a very rare piece. I doubt if you'd find——"

"How much?" old John Masterman repeated, tapping the oak chest once more.

Gillett wasn't used to these tactics. He liked to dawdle over the details of his business. Antiques were his life as well as his bread and butter.

"We-ll . . ." he murmured; and pretended to fumble for a label.

"You know very well what you're asking," said old John Masterman testily. "What's the price? Come on—we can't spend all the day!"

This method shook Gillett to his very foundations, and so badly that without further thought he suddenly blurted out:

"Ten guineas, sir."

Ten guineas! And Tracey had stuck at twelve pounds! Lucky for old John Masterman that he had, and, sticking, had driven him to find the emporium of Gillett.

"And, if I may say so, sir," Gillett added, *cheap* at ten guineas."

"I'll give you nine," old John Masterman snapped.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Gillett.

"Nine. Nine pounds. I'll give you nine," said old John Masterman.

"Really, sir," Gillett protested, "I couldn't. Ten guineas is *cheap* for an article like this. A very rare piece and in fine condition. Why, sir, at ten guineas it's an investment, even in these times. No, sir; ten guineas is the price."

"I'll give you ten pounds!"

"I'm sorry, sir. It wouldn't pay me. Really it wouldn't. Ten guineas."

"Pounds."

"Guineas, sir."

"Pounds."

"You see, sir——"

Then Gillett stopped and listened. Old John Masterman listened too.

"The raid warning!"

"Yes, sir. Third time to-day. We have been getting it round here, I must say. They seem to have a special grudge against us; I don't know why. Coming to the shelter, sir?"

"Shelter? Where?" old John Masterman asked.

"Just across the square, sir. I didn't used to trouble at first, but there's no sense in taking unnecessary risks, is there, sir?"

"Lead the way," said old John Masterman.

Gillett led the way, across the square and down the concrete steps to the shelter, which even by now was nearly full. Even as they went down the shells were bursting overhead and the machine-guns peevishly spitting.

"Third time to-day. It is a world, I must say," murmured Gillett.

They talked war, antiques forgotten. Then they talked gardens, cost of living, anything. . . . They were not pressed for

"John Bull's" 10-Minute Story

time. Three hours went by before the All Clear.

As they came back up the concrete steps Gillett remarked: "Moles! That's all we are. Two thousand years of civilisation and we've become moles!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed old John Masterman. "What have *you* got?"

He heard Gillett gasp, saw him begin to hurry. A crowd was gathered round the emporium, an excited, chattering crowd. And now the emporium had no front. Window, door, the whole face of the place was gone, and in front of it was a deep hole.

"Bit o' luck," said somebody. "Not a thing touched inside. Next street, two hundred yards away, the *'ouses* 'as gorn. Not a trace! People standin' about lookin' at where their 'omes was. Not a stick left! Nowhere to *live!*"

Gillett, gazing dully at where his proud shop front had been, slowly shook his head.

"Ought to be thankful, I suppose," he said.

EVERYTHING was there. Not a vase, not a pewter plate had been rattled out of place. In the middle of it all stood the old oak chest.

"Miracle," said somebody.

Old John Masterman glanced at the onlookers. Some smoked fat cigars. On the finger of one was a diamond ring.

"Yes," Gillett repeated, "I ought to be thankful. Some of them have lost the lot."

"Show it!" snapped old John Masterman with characteristic brevity.

"How?"

"Auction that old oak chest for the benefit of those in the next street who have lost all."

Gillett nodded.

"That's an idea. I will!"

He climbed over the wreckage on to the window bottom and held up his hand. The chatterers ceased to chatter. They drew closer.

Gillett made a little speech. He had lost a window but not a living.

All except his shop front remained. But close at hand were those who had lost everything: the sticks and odds and ends which had been their homes, which had taken them so many years to gather together.

It was for the lucky ones to do something at least for the unlucky ones. Here was a valuable old chest.

He would auction it.

He would *give* it. No profit!

Every penny he took would go to the relief of the sufferers in the neighbourhood.

GILLETT tapped the chest with his forefinger.

"I have only to-day refused an offer of ten pounds for this very chest. So, come, gentlemen."

"Eleven pounds!" said old John Masterman.

And glared at one of the smokers of fat cigars.

The cigar man started and realised what was expected of him.

"Oh!" he said. "Yes. Twelve pounds."

"Thirteen!" snapped old John Masterman.

And this time he glared at the man with the diamond ring.

Everyone else, too, glared at the man with the diamond ring.

"Good idea!" said the man with the diamond ring. "Stout scheme! Rather! I'll bid fourteen pounds."

"Fifteen!" cried old John Masterman.

And looked most pointedly at another man with a fat cigar.

"Come on, chum!" shouted somebody in the crowd. "Chance of a lifetime!"

"Sixteen!" said the second cigar.

"Seventeen!" said old John Masterman.

"Eighteen!" said the first cigar.

"Nineteen!" said old John Masterman.

"Twenty!" said the diamond ring.

Which brought a cheer from the crowd.

"Twenty-one!" cried old John Masterman.

"Twenty-two!" cried the second cigar.

"Twenty-three!" cried old John Masterman.

"Twenty-four!" cried the first cigar.

"Twenty-five!" cried old John Masterman.

"Twenty-seven, ten!" cried the diamond ring.

"Thirty!" shouted old John Masterman.

This brought another cheer, an enormous cheer, from the crowd. But it crowded the cigar men out of the contest.

Old John Masterman glared at them, but they shook their heads. He swung round and glared at the man with the diamond ring.

"Thirty-two!" shouted the diamond ring.

"Thirty-five!" shouted old John Masterman.

"Thirty-six!" said the diamond ring, cautiously.

"Thirty-seven!" shouted old John Masterman.

"Thirty-eight!" said the diamond ring.

"Forty!" shouted old John Masterman.

And this time diamond ring shook his head.

"Yours, sir," said Gillett to old John Masterman.

The old man worked his way through the cheering crowd to the window bottom on which Gillett stood. He dragged from his pocket a cheque-book and fountain pen.

Half a minute later he was handing up his cheque, to the biggest cheer of all.

"Thank you very much, sir," said Gillett. "And where shall I send it?"

"Send it?" echoed old John Masterman. "Nowhere. Put it up again. It takes more than forty pounds to put a shattered home right. Put it up again, and I'll bid eleven pounds."

Gillett, smiling, went back to the beginning and started afresh.

"Twelve!" said the first cigar man.

"Thirteen!" snapped old John Masterman.

"Fourteen!" cried diamond ring.

"Fifteen!" cried old John Masterman.

"Sixteen!" cried the second cigar.

OLD John Masterman gave a wary glance over either shoulder. Now, he thought, they ought to be able to carry on on their own. They were well away.

"Seventeen!" he cried, to encourage them. And then he worked his way to the back of the crowd.

The two cigars and the diamond ring were bidding hard against each other. It was, indeed, becoming breathless. So that nobody saw old John Masterman go.

He called in at Tracey's in Chelsea.

"That old oak chest," he said. "I offered ten pounds; you stuck at twelve."

"Well, sir?" said Tracey.

"I'll give you eleven."

"Guineas, sir?"

"Pounds."

"I'm sorry, sir. Guineas."

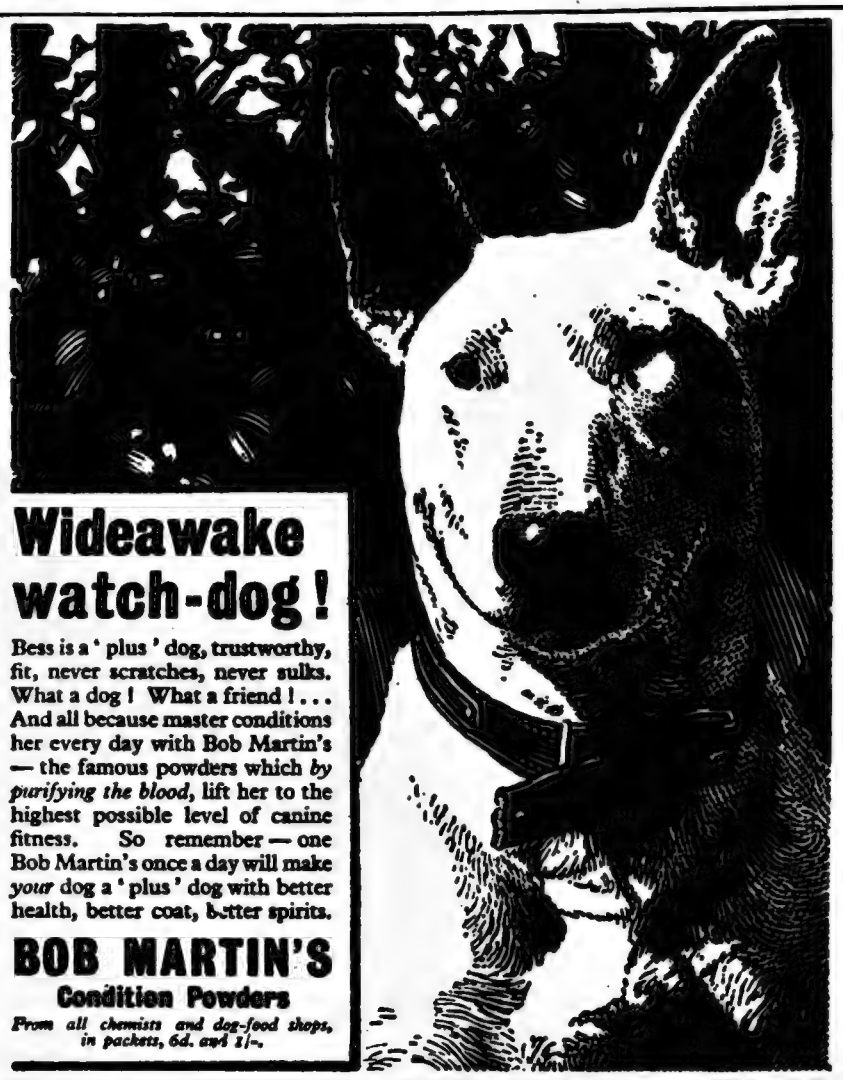
"Pounds."

"I'm really very——"

"Pounds. Now. Spot cash."

"Oh, all right, sir, all right. Very well. Eleven pounds it is," said Tracey

And eleven pounds it was.



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Bess is a 'plus' dog, trustworthy, fit, never scratches, never sulks. What a dog! What a friend!... And all because master conditions her every day with Bob Martin's — the famous powders which *by purifying the blood*, lift her to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember — one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

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From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets, 6d. and 1/-.

Both carefully washed but

I used Persil

New PERSIL IS PERFECT FOR SILKS

This new Persil has caught on good and proper! In homes everywhere, silks, coloureds, and fragile woollies are being 'popped in Persil.' At last, women have found a way to do the fine wash *quickly* and SAFELY!

But there's one thing about the new Persil that hasn't changed—it's still 'the amazing oxygen washer.' Those busy oxygen bubbles gently find their way right into the fabric, and just as gently they dislodge the tiniest atoms of dirt. That is why women can feel so confident with Persil. It simply will not harm the most delicate or fragile things.

Wash *your* coloured frocks, your silks, and fluffy woollies in new Persil—they'll last far longer. *And if you've any washing problems write to Mrs. Holiday, The Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington. She's an expert, and she's there to help you—free!*

NEW PERSIL
Easier to use
Simply shake Persil straight into the water, swish briskly until dissolved. Then put the clothes in.
Extra lather— for fine wash
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The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

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TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

NO REGULATION DIGEST CLAIMED

BUSY HANDS NEED *Snowfire* TABLET TO BANISH REDNESS AND ROUGHNESS 3d.

Prices subject to addition of Purchase Tax.

"I Made him a Coward"

HUMANIST *sympathises with the mother whose hatred of war made her instil a horror of bloodshed into her two children. Yet he offers her some hope when she says that her son has grown up a coward. Can he help you with your problems?*

A MOTHER'S dislike of war transmitted to a son who wanted to be a sailor is the cause of this week's most teasing human problem. The mother served with the W.A.A.C.s in the last war, and, even though still a young woman, she found herself terribly aged by her war experiences when eventually she was demobilised.

Then she married a sailor, a "fine, typical British seafarer who is afraid of nothing," and she forgot all her old fears when occupied by the task of bringing up two children.

She felt younger, realised again that life was worth while.

"Those two children were all in all to me," she says in her letter. "And every day I went down on my knees to ask God to take care of them and never let them know the horrors of war."

As her husband was often away for two or three years at a stretch, she was father and mother to the children, and she taught them to hate war and bloodshed.

She emphasised the futility of war.

Yet her son announced his intention of joining the Royal Navy when the time came for him to choose a profession.

She persuaded him to relinquish the idea, and also made him refrain from applying for a commission in the R.A.F.

"He was heartbroken, and after a few months of extremely trying behaviour he announced that he had entered for the R.A.O.C. examination for apprentices," she adds.

"I prayed that he would fail, but he passed.

"He had won; I had lost. But I still had his love.

"And he still loves me devotedly.

"When war broke out I was horribly scared. Yet I didn't let him know, because—to my great dismay—I found that he was so scared himself. He is only sixteen, but he hides his fear with a show of courage.

"I am appalled at what I have done.

"My two children were all in all to me," says this mother. "And every day I went down on my knees to ask God to take care of them and never let them know the horrors of war"

"In shielding him from everything hurtful, I have made him afraid! In those early years, when the war was still fresh in my mind, I deliberately taught him to dread the idea of war.

"His father often makes me angry by his indifference to danger. The boy would have been like him but for my early teaching. Can you guess how I feel about it now?

"A week ago my boy telephoned to say, 'Mother, I'm truly scared.'

"I replied, 'So am I, man, but I don't let anyone know. It would let you and dad down, wouldn't it?'

"He answered, 'Yes, we mustn't let down the old firm!'"

MANY parents will appreciate this problem.

At the end of the last war, most of us decided to show our children the futility of fighting.

Teachers ceased to glorify warriors, and paid little attention to military victories in history lessons.

The next generation was fed on the ideals of the League of Nations.

Yet the standard of courage shown by the young men and women to-day is as high as at any moment of history.

I think it is higher than it has ever been.

The great battles of history were Sunday-school picnics compared with modern warfare. About twenty men were killed in the great battle of Plassey; Waterloo was all over in a day.

The mother's anxiety springs from a mistaken idea that fear is something of which you should be ashamed. It is perfectly natural to be afraid of a bomb or a torpedo.

If we are honest, many of us will admit our fears, but that does not make us run away from danger. It requires tremendous courage to face them. The real hero is the man who fully realises the danger, yet still tackles it.

The boy who says we mustn't let down the old firm has the right sort of pluck, and the mother should cease to reproach herself.

Many a reader has discovered with surprise how quickly you can become inured to danger. Things that alarmed us for a day or two are now accepted—often with a joke.

Fear is infectious, and one scared person can undermine the strength of others; but courage is also infectious.

One calm man can inspire the same confidence in all who are near him.

There are hundreds of such people in this country. Britain produces them as she produces tough wood and steel.

They do not boast.

They just carry on. . . .

NOW for a letter in a lighter vein from a suburban reader who is astonished at the behaviour of his neighbours.

"When we came to this villa some years ago," he writes, "no one took the slightest notice. The people next door seemed to look clean through us. We might have been invisible.

"Being a companionable sort of man, I ventured to speak to the man on the other side of the fence.

"Nothing serious, you understand. Just a remark about the weather.

"He glanced at me superciliously, saying, 'That is so.' Then wandered away.

"I learned afterwards that it was 'bad form' for me to speak first; that a family has to be twelve months in a place before its existence is recognised.

"But during the last few months all this has changed. Everybody talks to everybody else in a human way. We are eager to be helpful. A good many pretensions of superiority have been dropped.

"It took a war to bring this about, and I am wondering whether the old snobbery will be restored when the world returns to peace.

"Suburban wives are chiefly responsible. They are all pretending to be better off than they really are. We men could get together all right if only our women folk would do the same."

This "pretending" to be superior is the root of the whole silly business. They don't dare to give themselves away!

Suburban snobbery is based upon money values alone. The mother whose children attend a private school will not mix with the mother whose children go to the Council school where education is free.

The "housewife" who plays golf while her work is done for her by a hired helper will not lower herself to be on equal terms with the woman who does her own work.

What nonsense this all seems in a time of national emergency!

We shall be compelled to change our sense of values, and much of this "caste" exclusiveness will soon be as dead as the feudal system.

A man will be appreciated for what he does rather than for what he can make out of it. A useless woman will be ashamed rather than proud of her uselessness.

We shall judge people by what they are, and what they do: not by what they pretend to be when they are trying to "kid" their neighbours.

The world should become a healthier as well as a happier place for everybody.

Our Hearts' Proclamation

OUR Hearts Proclaim our Cause is Right we fight until the end, we are prepared to suffer and to take all Fate can send, but this we know and do assert before our God and Lord, that until Justice reigns on earth we will not sheathe our sword.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that we will all pursue Our Great Crusade under the Guidance of our Souls in The Greatest Effort made; to make the World a better place so that Mankind shall dwell in Peace, and Decency, and Faith, instead of A New-Powered Hell.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that we will go the short way or the long, no matter which so that we win the Right way over Wrong. The World to us is something more than the Trampling Ground for Force, it is the Home of All Mankind to live its Human Course.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that come what may, the cost be great or small, we'll pay it to its uttermost, though it be OUR VERY ALL, for losing everything but Faith means gaining something more, SOMETHING THAT WILL WITHSTAND AND WIN THE LAST EXTREMES OF WAR.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that we will wipe out every threat with deeds, that every setback we may have will only prove the seeds; for That Great Harvest which we will in God's Time gather in, when the Whole World lies a Ripened Field freed from the Plague of Sin.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that we will work for the Greatest Good for All, that we will hoist a Standard New that never more will fall, because the Winds of Liberty shall make it proudly wave, under the Arc of Heaven, where no man shall be Slave.

OUR Hearts Proclaim that we will build our Cities 'neath God's Hand on Rocks of Faith's Establishment and not on shifting sand, that we will link up all Mankind with Good Will and Respect. THIS IS OUR PROCLAMATION WHICH TO GOD WE DO SUBJECT.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

AFTER serving in the Army for nearly a year, Mr. Borrow, of Brighton, was discharged, medically unfit. He went home to find his twelve-year-old son dying from injuries received in an air raid.

His wife was seriously ill, and, because she had not been able to pay the rent for some weeks, the local council had served notice to quit.

Without a job, he must now maintain his wife and two children aged nine and ten, try to make his 'amily solvent, pay his son's funeral expenses—all on his unemployment allowance.

Please send what you can to help this stricken family.

Donations should be earmarked "Willing," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

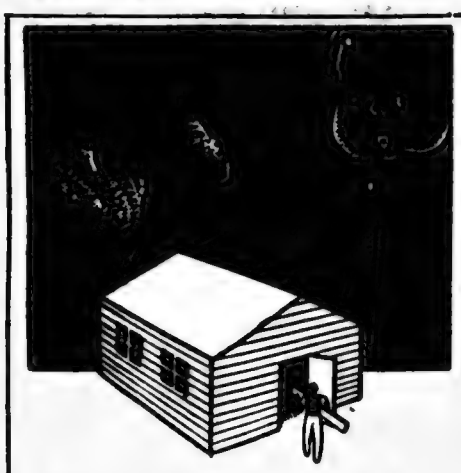
Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

We are grateful to readers who send donations under various pseudonyms.

No expenses for administration are deducted. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund.

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** *tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name of course*



Winter: wheezy-sneezy-breezy!

Livestock catch cold just as much as we do if they are not properly looked after. And to win this war we must look after them. Stormax, the guaranteed waterproof bitumen felt, is what you want for Tool Sheds, Poultry Houses, Potting Sheds, Garages, Barns and outbuildings of all kinds. 6/6 and 8/9 per 12 yd. Roll. Nails provided.

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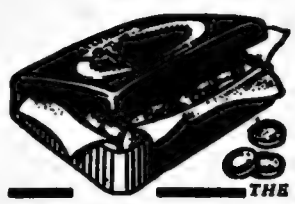
It's so heartening to feel able to face things. Despite broken nights and greater strain each of us can become a 'tower of strength'; with strong Nerves and a Stomach proof against upsets and anxiety. Nature finds the antidote when man most needs her aid. A 'Mighty Ration' of power for weakened Nerves is discovered in Vitamin Yeast, and in the form of Yestamin Tablets it has brought out for thousands of people that Confidence and Courage which a badly run-down condition had all but destroyed.

Builds and Backs You Up

Yestamin is concentrated Vitamin B. It produces even more energy than sugar, builds up the body as butter does, and by its action on other food makes your meals put new life into you. Take 2 Yestamin Tablets regularly at meal times. In a week you will feel better—not "up and down" as with drugs, but through a steady strengthening of Vitality until you feel a new being. A month's course costs but 2/-!

Of all Chemists



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Laboratory tests have shown conclusively that Fry's Cocoa is exceptionally rich in this important nerve-building substance.

In addition, Fry's Cocoa is in itself a valuable food, nourishing and packed with energy. A cup at meal times and a nightcap before you go to bed will do wonders to strengthen your diet.

You get as much energy from a five-penny tin of Fry's Cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) as you do from 1¼ lb. of the best steak.

Fry's Cocoa contains Vitamin D—the natural sunshine vitamin from the Cocoa Bean.

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BAD LEGS

—That pain you!
—that cripple you!
—that prevent sleep!

Have you open wounds that send you nearly mad with pain? Is your leg raw, sore, inflamed and burning? Have you varicose veins causing swelling, tiredness, heaviness and pain?

SUFFER NO LONGER!

Know now as an indisputable truth there is a priceless remedy far beyond all others which will quickly get your painful ulcerated sore and inflamed leg sound and well.

Yours to-day is the choice of pain or ease, festering wounds and ulcers, or sound and healthy legs. The cure you have sought for years is here now! Grasp the great opportunity. Throw away that old rag or plaster—that useless stuff of odds and ends that never cures. A new vista opens out for you. A great Treatment for Bad Legs, unlike anything you have ever had or known before, is here to cure your leg trouble.

STOP THAT PAIN!

Get a new, sound, healthy leg. Hundreds of others have done this—so can you. Write to-day to the National Infirmary for Bad Legs and get your leg made well. They will give you *priceless information how to heal your wounds, abolish pain, take away inflammation, reduce swelling and heal your leg quickly.* Delay means more pain. Write now. A valuable Album and illustrated Publication will also be sent you FREE.

Address your letter or postcard:

National Infirmary for Bad Legs
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BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, 7.

London's Tip for TIRED FEET

A lot of Londoners these days are sleeping with their shoes on. This, added to transport difficulties during the day, is giving feet a hard time. But London has found a way to keep them spry, fresh and sweet—Iodine in your shoes!

The simplest way of doing this, with carpet-slipper comfort, is with Simpson Iodine Socks. Put them in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in three minutes! The warmth of your feet drives off Iodine vapour. Your instep pores absorb it, and the circulation is whipped up, keeping fresh blood moving from heel to toe. No staleness, no sweatiness. A boon to Wardens, Home Guards, all travellers and especially the Forces. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them urgently.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson Brand Iodine Socks. Price 1/3d. from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.3), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

There is no need for the family cold to go the round if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it for emergency.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

Let's look up and Smile...

Keep smiling! It's a duty to-day. And a duty to take care of your teeth. So take no chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whitening. They injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Put yours to the trial. Grind a little between your front teeth. If you detect any gritty feeling, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely free from grit, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Solid your kiddies a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice. It's very good for children's teeth.

Keep the winning

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d. *Smile!*

Voice of The People

IS HE A SOLDIER OR A CIVILIAN?

UNSUNG HEROES IN A HOSPITAL

FURNITURE LEFT IN WRECKED HOMES

FORBIDDEN TO ENTER A.R.P. DUG-OUT

I COULD hardly credit Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's statement that among the greatest evacuation difficulties was finding families willing to care for old people.

Surely chivalry is dead if this is so.

The old may take a little looking after, but where will you find such gratitude for a good deed done as in the eyes of an old man or woman?—L. S., Horsham, Sussex.

Few people seem to want to look after the aged. Chief fear seems to be they are a bigger responsibility than youngsters. Yet many waiting evacuation can look after themselves quite well. If you could accommodate an old man or woman, write to The Warden, Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E.1.

THERE must be thousands in a similar position to myself — registered, medically examined, yet still not called up after months.

When a man is in a managerial position his employer wants to be sure of the position.

It isn't pleasant not to know whether you are a soldier or a civilian.—C. W. S., Holderness Road, Hull.

Every fit man in this country not under arms is a soldier, sailor or airman awaiting the call. A lot can be said against such a system, but there is a lot in its favour.

LAW should demand that all tinned food should be dated. Most housewives keep stocks, and after a time we have no idea which tin to use first.

There is also the danger that some stocks have remained a long time on the shelves of the wholesalers.—Mrs. J. Haigh, High Street, Croydon.

Far fewer people suffer ill-effects from canned foods than from so-called fresh. Tinned stuff becomes unpalatable long before it is definitely injurious. Many housewives mark date of purchase on tins. In these days wholesalers can be depended on not to keep stocks too long.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HAVING been a patient in an L.C.C. hospital in a much-bombed area, may I say:

When bombs were dropping and heavy guns thundering in the vicinity, doctors and nurses attended the sick and dying without pause. Patients were their first consideration.

Thousands of men and women workers in the hospitals are enduring hospital-train dangers, yet somehow we do not see them as the heroes they are.—William G. Sheppard, Benares Road, Plumstead.

One London hospital evacuated part of its staff to a safer area. Nurses and doctors fought for a chance to stay in the place where they thought their work was most needed.

FATALISM is a dangerous philosophy these days.

You must have met the exponent of it during air raids. He argues: "I'm not going to take shelter. If my time has come, a bomb will get me wherever I may be."

Following this to its logical conclusion, he should dash across roads without looking right or left, jump out of moving trains whatever the speed.

Besides, it is a different thing from the philosophic calm with which the average Briton faces danger—*knowing* it to be danger.—H. H., Westgate Street, Bath.

A.R.P. workers know the type. They are a nuisance during air raids to everybody concerned.

RECENTLY a cinema was bombed, and there were many casualties.

Later the Nazi bomber responsible was hit by anti-aircraft gunfire, and the pilot baled out.

Questioned about hitting the cinema, he said: "I'm sorry. It was marked on my map as a munition factory."

If he spoke the truth, it accounts for many things.—Harry James, Lewes Road, Brighton.

Maps recovered from German bombers have immense margins in which are printed many details about objectives. The information on them is most unreliable.

BUREAUCRACY has run riot in a neighbouring village.

Appeals to the local education authority to provide an air raid shelter for the children having failed, the parents built one themselves.

Sniffingly, the same authorities now forbid teachers and children to use it. They have to crouch under desks during raids!—John Spencer, Norfolk.

Many instances have been brought to light of local bigwigs "condemning" garden shelters because families building them didn't submit plans. But they haven't been silly enough to demand demolition or try to prohibit use.

MIGHT an ordinary R.A.S.C. corporal pay a tribute to the War Office?

My wife became ill during my nine months with the British Expeditionary Force.

On my return her continued ill-health still worried, and I suggested to the War Office, through the appropriate superior officer, that it would be a great act of mercy to her if I could be near to her.

They have now stationed me at the nearest possible camp to my home, and two people have been made happy.—J. S. A., A Camp in the Midlands.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Ability that Solves all Problems

ONE word—"action"— is the shortest answer to most of the puzzles set by Life. The ability to do is the ability that solves all problems, and it is surprising we don't realise more strongly that we have this key in our possession.

We don't put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day to another until we are starved and destroyed!

When problems of hunger and thirst and tiredness arise, we solve them by taking appropriate action.

Yet in countless problems not nearly so vital to existence we talk and dally and put off until we fail to achieve anything.

Long ago someone once remarked: "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory.

"That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a *man* without it."

We don't realise that the mind that takes instant action when a problem arises, and the mind that puts off coming to a decision are both creatures of habit.

It is as easy to develop an "action" habit as it is to allow one of inaction to develop.

We should also realise that the natural instinct of us all is to act.

Inaction is really an achievement!

It needs a real effort to suppress the upsurge of energy that any problem releases in our minds immediately.

We think quickly; we should learn to act quickly.

"Do it now!" is still a mighty good slogan.

We can train our muscles to respond to any demands made on them. We can train our minds just as readily.

Prompt action in the face of difficulty is the essence of self-reliance. Think hard of that when you are next tempted to slack.

SURELY the Post Office should include penny stamps in the new half-crown books.

I bought a book the other day because I wanted to post some open letters. But I could only post three. There were only six halfpenny stamps!

The man who creates these books knows little of public demand.—E. L. Draper, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester.

Our precious Post Office spends big sums teaching children to save penny postage stamps and swap them for War Savings Certificates. Many protest how difficult it is becoming to get penny stamps. Twopenny halfpennies are easier to buy—but this all-wise Post Office won't accept them for War Loan.

PEOPLE living in what the State describes as "safe" areas of London cannot evacuate their children.

No matter what the enemy has done to those areas, children must stay put.

There are other districts of London that have seen comparatively little of the raiders. Yet authorities there keep pressing parents to send their children away.

Surely it is the Germans who decide whether a particular district of London is safe or not.

Declare all Greater London an evacuation area for children!—W. E. Crew, Lee Road, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Authorities are continually revising list of safe areas.

FOR several years large aeroplanes have been able to carry small craft on their backs, have been able to launch them over mid-Atlantic to complete the crossing on their own.

Why not let big bombers fly direct from Canada with Spitfires, which they can launch when they are within reach of these shores?

Go to it, Lord Beaverbrook!—A. L. H., Westerton, Scotland.

Spitfires would have to be considerably modified before they could become the smaller partner in a pick-a-back. Its fighting qualities would suffer. Then a special carrier machine would have to be designed to carry them—one at a time, remember!

RIGHTLY, newspapers have been angry at the delay in repairing bombed houses, have told of damaged furniture left under leaking roofs for days for the rain to finish off.

If repairs cannot be finished in bad weather, household goods should be hustled into State-maintained furniture depositories.

There are plenty of empty theatres, halls and schools that could be used.

British morale, a wonderful thing, is even more wonderful when a little consideration is shown.—A. G. Gordon, Collent Street, Well Street, London.

ONE of the local A.F.S. men was suddenly confronted with an incendiary bomb when he had nothing at hand with which to deal with it.

He tore a clump of chrysanthemums from a front garden and beat out the bomb with the soil that adhered to the roots.

It's a tip worth remembering.

Most gardens have clumps of michaelmas daisies that should prove even better fire-extinguishers.—Mrs. A. C. Riome, Windmill Street, Gravesend, Kent.

Member of JOHN BULL staff extinguished such a bomb with an enamelled sign torn from a wall. Anything is worth trying if the proper appliances are not handy, but this shouldn't encourage us to be slothful about getting those proper appliances.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The experiences of an R.A.F. fighter pilot, who LIED to tell the tale after dropping 12,000 ft. before his parachute opened and glided him gently down to the sea, were described by the Air Ministry News Service."

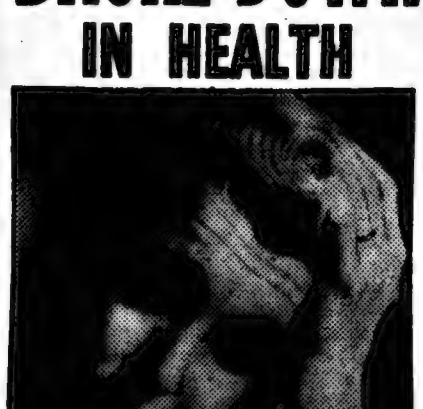
DAILY MAIL:—"The Germans have been given a taste of what Old Man Channel can do to them when SHE gets in an angry mood."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"There was the whistle of a bomb falling and a belch of black NOISE as it hit."

THE STAR:—"The Germans on Sunday reverted to suicidal mass attacks in a vain effort to burst through the TIN red line of British fighter 'planes."

GALA ADVERTISER:—"The Town Band, under Mr. G. H. ——, bandmaster, will play a programme of music in the Park on Saturday afternoon at 2.30. This will be the concluding SUNDAY concert for the season."

3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



They couldn't EAT . .
They couldn't SLEEP . .
They lost WEIGHT . .

IN EVERY CASE

A FEW DOSES OF
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS BEGAN A

Wonderful Recovery

1. Dr. CASSELLS SAVED MY LIFE
"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept six hours that night . . . a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."
Mrs. A. B., Derby.

2. OFF WORK WITH BREAKDOWN
"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."
Mr. F. S., Bolton.

3. I BLESS THE DAY I TOOK THEM
"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."
Mrs. L. P., Birmingham.

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get a bottle today! Prices: 1/3, 2/-, and 5/- everywhere. Trial size 6d.

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS

AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc.*"

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day— NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! '*ELASTO*' *is sold by chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.*
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....No. J.B.191040

Why . . .?
Why . . . ?
Why . . . ?

Questions Asked By Every

STOMACH SUFFERER

Here are two questions which every stomach sufferer constantly asks! Read the answers!

WHY do I suffer distressing FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN PALPITATION & SICKNESS ?
Because your stomach is producing TOO MUCH ACID which causes your food to ferment and gives rise to nasty distressing gases.

WHY do I get that wicked griping PAIN after even the lightest meals ?
Because the excess acid is eating into the stomach lining . . . . influencing it, leading on to ulceration! Now let us ask YOU two questions!

WHY do you continue to suffer these stomach tortures ?
Because you have not yet tried MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. This famous remedy will neutralise the acid . . . . protect the stomach lining . . . . end your misery!

WHY don't you accept the following offer and so get RELIEF ?
Get a 1/3 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd. Great West Road, Brentford and your money will be refunded in full. But make sure you get the remedy made by Macleans Ltd. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine if the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists 1/3, 2/-, 5/- per bottle

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 6d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/-

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K6), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

RHEUMATISM

"At 68 I feel like 40"

It was not shock or shell that disabled Capt. J. J. B. in 1918—it was that crippling enemy, Rheumatism. For months he lay in bed scarcely able to move. "I tried everything, including special treatment," he writes, "with no avail."

"Two years ago," he goes on, "I started taking Fynnon Salt. After the first month I could feel a great change. At the end of a year I was completely cured. To prevent a recurrence of the dreadful malady, I still take Fynnon Salt, and shall continue to do so. It is also an excellent remedy for keeping the liver and other organs in perfect order. In spite of my 68 years, I do not feel a day older than 40. I put this down to taking Fynnon Salt."

This ex-Officer's experience adds to the long list of almost miraculous successes of Fynnon Salt in all forms of Rheumatism. But can you wonder at it? After all, Fynnon Salt is a blend of those curative natural elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium which have made certain Spas world-famous. A teaspoonful of Fynnon in a tumblerful of water every morning is Nature's own Rheumatic remedy. Large tin, 1/3. New Trial Size, 6d.

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

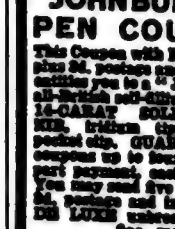
heals

Germolene heals the ugly sore patches caused by eczema. The first touches stop the torturing irritation and prevent the disease from spreading.

GREAT HEALING OFFER

You can prove the amazing power of *Germolene* without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
6d., 1/3, 2/- & 12/- Per Tin.



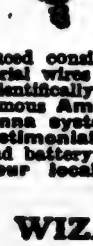
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 6d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 6d. of the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/6 plus 6d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 136-138, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.



IT'S OBSOLETE.

Fit a PARVO long range all-wave capacity aerial. Makes your radio portable. World reception and 20% to 60% more short wave stations. Only 4in. long. Fits neatly behind set but is equal in capacity to an outside aerial 50ft. high and 75ft. long. Interference crackles reduced considerably. All unsightly external aerial wires abolished. Not a gadget but a scientifically designed aerial embodying famous American Ground Antenna system. Hundreds of testimonials. For electric set and battery superhets. Price 3/9
Your local radio dealer will supply.

Trade inquiries to

WIZARD LIMITED,
14, JACKSONS ROW,
MANCHESTER, 2.

MOST SECRET BIG FIGHT

A. W. HELLIWELL

describes the fight of a lifetime on the deck of a grime-caked coal barge moored in the middle of Manhattan's Hudson River; it was the fight that gave "Laughing Jem Mitchell," Philadelphian lightweight, his place among the giants of the ring

ACROSS the river, still and velvet black under the starless sky, the lights of Manhattan glowed. Midstream a grime-caked coal barge rode at its mooring, a dark silhouette against which the rising tide lapped gently.

Now and then the night's quiet was disturbed by the gentle splash of oars as boatloads of men, whispering with the furtive air of conspirators, rowed out from either bank.

A distant clock chimed twelve while they gathered on the barge deck, their faces tense and eager in the dancing light of the shaded oil lamps as they jostled for places around the roughly constructed ring that occupied the centre.

Waiting for It

Within that ring, feet planted well apart on the planking, gloved hands resting on the gay scarlet scarf that was knotted about his slim waist, stood that dapper little Philadelphian, Jemmy Mitchell.

Admiring eyes scanned his smoothly muscled frame, while Jem, aglow with confidence and in the pink of condition, threw back his head and laughed.

"Laughing" Jem Mitchell they called him, this game and hard-hitting young lightweight who had battled his way to the front rank of America's best, and to-night the boy from Philadelphia, who always managed to produce a smile whether he was winning or losing, had cause to laugh indeed.

For at last, after years of scrapping in lonely fields, underground cellars and the bar rooms and sporting houses of the Bowery, he had achieved his ambition.

He was fighting for the championship of the world—he and the tough and cool-eyed Britisher now seated in the far corner patiently waiting to begin.

Soon to the chuckling music of the river and the low-voiced wagers of the Broadway sports would be added the thrilling sound of hard fists smacking on flesh and bone, and when it was over one of these two—Jem Carney, of London, or Jem Mitchell, of Philadelphia—would climb from the ring two thousand dollars the richer and, more important, as champion of the world.

In a Tough School

No wonder, then, that "Laughing" Jem was in such high spirits, for he would not have it that there was any lightweight he could not beat, and there were plenty of shrewd sportsmen from his home city and from New York to back that opinion with hard cash.

For Mitchell, for all his charm of manner and good-natured smile, had learned his trade of fisticuffs in a tough school.

This was back in the Bowery's bad old days. Respectability has long since come to this once notorious district.

Only the name with its rascally flavour remains to conjure up colourful pictures of half a century ago, when the Dead Rabbits' Gang and the Bowery Boys, and men like Owney Geoghegan, Boss Tweed and Michael "Dark" Donahue played roystering parts upon its hectic stage.

Those were the days when sporting houses, gambling dens and saloons stood cheek by jowl on either side of the street, their doors never shut; when murder for a mug's gold ticker or a handful of dollars was commonplace, and when the pavements ran red with blood from many a gory gang battle.

A prize fighter had to be tough to please the hard characters who patronised the sport in such times, and Jem Mitchell, kneading his knuckles well into the skin-tight mitts as he waited for the call to scratch, was a popular favourite.

But, although it was nothing for the gangs of New York and other American cities to meet in pitched battles in which knives, razors, broken bottles, hatchets and clubs were used, the law still frowned upon organised prize fights, which explains the strange rendezvous in which Mitchell and Carney came face to face.

Twenty wealthy American sportsmen put up the money for the contest, and they, the principals and their handlers alone shared the secret of where and when it was to be decided.

Yet, even so, the police were so hot on their trail that the fight had to be twice postponed.

On the first occasion, fixing a rural meeting-place well outside New York, the party drove there by separate routes in different carriages.

Dodging the Police

But, no sooner were the stakes pitched, than the police appeared and they had to rush helter-skelter back to the city.

There they gathered on a wharf near the river, while in hushed tones they discussed where they could go to settle the question of who was better fitted to reign as lightweight champion of the world.

Here, again, they attracted the attentions of a police patrol, and after narrowly escaping being surrounded in a disused warehouse, they finally hit upon the brilliant idea of staging the bout on a barge anchored midstream in the Hudson.

There, at least, they could not be taken by surprise.

Never before or since in the long history of the ring has a world championship been fought out in a stranger setting.

Imagine the massed thousands that pack vast arenas when the champions parade in these modern times.

And then picture, if you can, Mitchell and Carney slugging it out on the rough-planked deck of that dirty coal barge, swapping punches in the dim light of the swinging oil lamps, with less than fifty spectators to cheer them!

Shaded Lights

On the far shore the lights of the city winked and glowed, but on the barge every lamp was carefully shaded, for had the police caught them out there on the river no one would have escaped.

What a weird scene it must have been, more like the meeting of some band of murderous conspirators than a rendezvous of sportsmen, but the fight itself was one of the finest and cleanest ever staged between lightweights.

They wore skin-tight kid gloves with which it was possible to inflict terrible punishment, and although "Laughing" Jem eventually went down before the Englishman's battering attack his pluck was unquestioned.

The Philadelphian was a hot favourite before the contest began, and for the first half-dozen rounds his greater speed and smashing counter punches proved too much for Carney.

Up to this point he looked a sure and easy winner, for he was having things nearly all his own way, while Carney, vainly striving to get to close quarters,

Jem Carney, tough, cool-eyed Briton, showed Manhattan's underworld that boxers were not born only on the eastern seaboard of the Atlantic. And he learned that gallantry could exist among the gangsters

where he could batter his opponent's ribs, met with little success.

Every time he rushed in, Mitchell, smiling as though he was enjoying every minute of it, would coolly rock him back on his heels with well-timed and accurate punches.

But Carney was from Birmingham, where they breed 'em tough, and he thought nothing of battling sixty or seventy rounds with his bare knuckles.

He took all Mitchell had to give and still bored in, concentrating all the time on short body blows, wearing down the American's strength with jolting lefts and rights that left his sore ribs flaming an angry scarlet.

As the rounds went by the snap went out of Mitchell's punching and he moved around on the flat of his feet instead of up on his toes as he had started.

Sledge-hammer Blows

And it was then that the tireless Carney began to even the score, catching him again and again with terrible sledge-hammer blows that left the boy from Philadelphia white-faced and gasping with pain.

Twice he was floored by smashing right-handers under his heart.

But "Laughing" Jem was of the true breed of champion.

No pluckier lad ever pulled on a glove, and although it was all he could do to haul himself erect after those frightful blows, he still kept coming in for more.

In the closing stages of the fight Mitchell took an awful hammering, but although he might have gone down and stayed down without disgrace, he stubbornly refused to quit.

Only his gallant fighting heart kept him going as far as the eleventh round, when, with no strength even to raise his hands, he held out his chin for the "coup de grâce."

Stepping in close Carney hooked him hard to the point, and down went Mitchell, out to the world, his rosy dreams forgotten.

Yet, bitterly disappointed though he must have been, he insisted on crossing the ring to his conqueror's corner as soon as he had recovered sufficiently for his groggy legs to support him.

And there, the old familiar smile once again framing his bruised and bleeding lips, Jem Mitchell grasped the Englishman's hand and congratulated him.

"Well done, Jem," he said. "It was a great scrap, but you were too good for me."

A gallant tribute that from a gallant little sportsman.

And because of that alone, "Laughing" Jemmy Mitchell deserves his place in this gallery of the giants of his profession.

Meet the A.R.P. Navy

LITTLE public credit has yet been given to an air raid service that guards seventy miles of Thames, and the multitudes living in riverside boroughs.

Known until June as the River Emergency Service, it has now been taken over by the Navy as the Royal Naval Patrol Service.

Its fleet consists of former pleasure steamers converted into hospital ships; of luxurious motor-cruisers turned patrol boats.

Wealthy yachtsmen, professional workers and Thames boatmen are among the crews. They are now naval officers, petty officers and ratings, drawing naval pay for "the duration."

Hospital ships are staffed by doctors, some of whom abandoned wealthy practices; by newly trained nurses and first-aid girls who until recently were typists, mannequins or débutantes.

The river is divided into many sections, each with a Section Commander and post, connected by telephone to A.R.P. headquarters and other controls.

Within a few minutes of an S O S call from A.R.P. headquarters the nearest hospital ship is informed, either by patrol boat or by semaphore from a post.

Hospital ship crews know every possible jetty, wharf and embarking place in their area. At the most convenient they embark wounded.

Seriously wounded patients go into the saloon, where stretcher beds await them. They receive first-aid, and even minor operations are performed.

Lesser injuries and "sitting cases" go on the upper decks.

Double shifts of doctors, nurses, stretcher bearers keep the ships constantly manned.

Laden with injured, these ships make for landing places in safe areas, where ambulances carry them to hospital.

Before London bombing ends thousands of lives will have been saved from heavily hit riverside boroughs.

Because the Thames is a highway you can't easily block, patrol boats of the Service maintain a twenty-four-hour scrutiny of the river; carry messages; rush A.R.P. and other officials to key points; transport wounded to hospital ships unable to go alongside the shore; and stand ready to run an improvised ferry service for important traffic should bridges be destroyed.

When on duty the crews live in their boats, sleep when they are moored at wharf or pier.

Shore hostels are also provided.

DON'T BE TOO LATE

PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED

Size of book 8½ x 5½

OVER **450** PHOTOS AND DIAGRAMS

Here are just a few of the hundreds of garments this book shows you how to make in any style or size.

- PULLOVERS AND SWEATERS
- BALACLAVA HELMET, SOCKS
- MITTENS, SCARVES, CARDIGANS
- LUMBER JACKETS
- JERSEYS
- SUITS, UNDERWEAR
- BABIES' VESTS AND KNICKERS
- BABY GARMENTS, RUGS, MATS, CUSHIONS
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- SNOODS AND HOODS
- BERETS AND CAPS
- BOOTEES, FROCKS
- COT COVERS, ETC.
- FASHION JUMPERS, BOLEROS

ETC., ETC., ETC.

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The illustrations in this book show what to make and how to make it.

Entirely New Work

Hundreds of Woollen Garments you can make

JUST the Book every family needs now—this week "John Bull" provides a further opportunity to obtain "PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED," the great entirely new Knitting Book. But you must hurry! So great is the demand that this offer must soon be withdrawn! "Practical Knitting Illustrated" shows in hundreds of practical photographs and patterns how to make hundreds of woollen garments for the children, the womenfolk, the menfolk at home and on active service—a book that will save you pounds.

As a reader of "John Bull" you are entitled to secure this work for an amazingly low privilege price. Supplies are limited. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation! Send no money now. Post Order Label below to-day.

Here is a knitting book you can use year in, year out—a standard reference book with the biggest range of garments ever contained in one volume. This work shows you how to make any garment in any size and adapt it to any style. It gives you clear, simple instructions for hundreds of modern garments—even a beginner can't go wrong. There are patterns for every member of the family from a new-born baby to the middle aged. There's a complete A.B.C. of the principles of knitting and there is a wonderful section which tells you how to vary any garment in stitch, size, shape, colour or yarn.

For this amazing volume, size 8½ in. by 5½ in., bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully embossed, you send, after you receive your invoice, only 2s. 9d. plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

Readers who have secured "John Bull's" previous Knitting Book will find this new work something entirely different and indispensable which no woman can afford to be without.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order Label below. Affix penny stamp and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:

"Knitting" Book Presentation
Dept. J.H.2,
39, Earlham Street,
London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

On receipt of Order Label "John Bull" will send an Invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this Invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid to your home.

POST ORDER LABEL BELOW IMMEDIATELY

HURRY! POST FORM NOW

CUT HERE

PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.H.2. 19/10/40

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write on left in BLOCK LETTERS.

THE LAST LAUGH

S. N. (Hull).—"This food rationing business is getting my back up." And your front down?

B. N. (Leicester).—"My husband will never eat rice." Perhaps it reminds him of when it was thrown at him.

C. F. (Uxbridge).—"I know a girl who is wanted by the police." What, all of them?

PRIVATE (South Coast).—"What we want to-day in the fighting services is a new order." Postal preferred?

B. D. (East Grinstead).—"I am going to write a book on girls' clothing." Are you sure there's enough material?

ARTIST (Bognor).—"I'd like to donate my last picture to a charitable purpose." Why not give it to an institution for the blind?

D. N. (Braintree).—"The defeat of his bombers by our fighters has made Hitler afraid of invading this country." He can't take it, eh?

D. L. (Nuneaton).—"The doctor said I was wasting his time as I had a constitution like a horse." So you went to a vet.?

RECRUIT (Warley).—"I've invited my sergeant-major home to dinner two or three times." Good heavens! Is your wife's cooking as bad as all that?

S. L. (Portsmouth).—"When will the Italian Navy emerge from its hiding place?" Sorry, but we don't yet know when the war will end.

F. F. (Mayfair).—"He was so absent-minded that he came home, gave his hat to his wife and kissed the maid." H'm. But was he?

D. N. (Morecambe).—"The secret of success is to get ahead of others." So the maggot we found in an apple the other day apparently thought.

G. V. (Hampstead).—"I was once playing a very small mouth-organ at a concert and swallowed it." Were you pressed for an encore?

A. B. (Bungay).—"I have always bought bedding on the instalment system." So much down and the rest on tick?

E. F. (Rochester).—"A monkey at the Zoo seized my hat." There should be notices on the cages requesting inmates not to tease the visitors.

E. N. (Littlehampton).—"The wise married man will shut his eyes if a pretty girl smiles at him." It's dangerous just to shut one.

A. P. H. (Barnes).—"A man shouldn't discuss controversial subjects with his wife." The trouble is that most wives only know controversial subjects.

M. T. (Upminster).—"I have been told that the coal scuttle had its origin in Germany. Do you know if this is true?" Not the coal part of it!

R. A. (Richmond).—"How shall we know when good times are here again?" When trousers pockets, not knees, are bulging.

P. R. (Newark).—"I have a very open mind." And judging by the contents of your letter, you've let the wrong kind of things get into it.

G. A. (Ascot).—"I don't know what to do about my small son telling untruths. At his age I never told a lie." At what age did you begin?

G. M. (Lewes).—"The corn has been a lot better this year. Can it be due to the dry weather?" Probably. Ours is always worse when there is rain in the air.

F. M. (Eastbourne).—"You don't hear much these days of the old joke about going for a ride in a car and having to get out and walk." No. It's more applicable to Messerschmitts and Dorniers these days!

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, I doan believe none o' these 'ere rumours, neither. Why, they do say as there's one o' them there time bombs right down under where you be a sittin'."

G. T. (Malmesbury).—"My husband has taken to keeping his money under the mattress during raids. What do you keep under yours?" Ourselves.

MRS. T. (East Coast).—"My husband is always first in the cellar when the warning goes. I follow in more dignified fashion." See letter below.

MR. T. (East Coast).—"The only drawback to using our cellar as an air raid shelter is that my wife is afraid of the mice and I have to chase them out before she will come down." See letter above.

D McD. (Forfar).—"My pal's pretty tight in the ordinary way, but last week I managed to get a tenner out of him." He must have been *very* tight for that to happen.

TOM (Fence Houses).—"If you wish to know whether a man has been at work, look at his palms." And if you wish to know whether a girl has been at work look at the third finger of her left hand.

R. M. (Boston).—"If ever I should meet my double I would go up to him and shake him by the hand." Surely there are better ways of expressing your sympathy?

E. J. (Chester).—"When she was charged at the police court she talked the whole time she was in the dock." Did the magistrate manage to get in a sentence?

E. W. (Sudbury).—"A German airman who recently landed by parachute in this country had a fur coat and a suitcase with him." Many of his comrades foolishly come quite unprepared to stay.

F. M. (Torquay).—"A warm bath stimulates the imagination." This explains why a man who has just had a warm bath will often come downstairs and say he's had a cold one.

T. M. (Tavistock).—"Finding London too hot for them, people are now drifting down to the country." Where they are released from their parachutes and promptly interned.

B. C. (Weymouth).—"I sent my small son for two pounds of plums and he came back with only one pound, though he had paid for two. I told the shopman that there was something wrong with his scales, but he denied this." Perhaps you should have had your boy weighed?

C. B. (Peterhead).—"The man walked into a café, ordered a glass of water, drank it, wiped his lips and calmly walked out. What do you think of that?" It all seems very ordinary. You wouldn't expect the fellow to *stagger* out, would you?

S. McC. (Glasgow).—"Is this a record? I have no radio set, never had one, never expect to want one." You are quite satisfied, we take it, with your neighbour's.

WIN YOUR XMAS DINNER, a CHEQUE or a LIFE PENSION

£125 £50 £20 £10 £250 30/- MONTHLY for LIFE £100

25 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS — Value over £250 — X-WORD PENSION — OR LUMP SUM — 50 XMAS PUDDINGS one with each Runners-up Prize of 10/- and over

for 'BULLETS' and X-WORDS - POST by SAT. OCT. 26 for these PRIZES!

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£125 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,240.

E. SPENCER, 22-25, Chewmister Road, Bournemouth.

Example: CARRYING ON
Bullet: LONDON, TILL *Hitler* "WAILS."!

Second Prize, £50: A. Aspinall, 154, Pocktock Lane, Wigan.
Example: In Rules
Bullet: Buildings? We're *Empire* Builders!

Third Prize, £10: R. E. Shatchley, 6, Metspur Drive, Northampton.
Example: When Willy Writes
Bullet: From "Front," Soldiering Harder.

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: A. Forrest, 15, Sittingbourne Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex.
On Our Side—Time—Provided "Clock Station."

50s.: Mrs. W. H. Sheeres, 24, Torr Crescent, Hartley, Plymouth.
Vital—"Crown" *Helping* Industrial "Grape."

20s.: J. Bewley, Jnr., 27, Lyndhurst Road, Wallasey.
Ordinary Folk—See "*Wen*'t Greek" Troops.

10s.: J. G. Evans, St. Julian House, Bridge Street, Tenby.
Auntie's Backbone—Bit Baby—Stoned Churchill!

9s.: W. J. Champion, 18, Dominion Close, Worthing.
On Our Side—Rules—Opposite, "Open Houses."

7½s.: F. Taylor, 44, Ordnance Street, Devonport.
Ruthless—Of Banks, Softening "Beds."

7s.: Mrs. F. Carr, 45, Ainsworth Grove, Stockbridge, Keighley.
In Our First Aid Post—Out—In—Out, Auntie!

6½s.: Miss P. Duggan, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46, Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool.
On Our Side—Sergeant—*Civilians* Criticised Us!

6s.: F. Richford, 53, Lavender Hill, Tonbridge, Kent. (P.C.)
Auntie's Backbone—Evacuated—By Corridor Train!

5½s.: D. H. Dixie, 19, Cardiff Road, Treforest, Glam.
Short Of Planes—Germany's Patrol, Seen!

5s.: A. G. Hayter, Southampton Road Stores, Salisbury.
In Our First Aid Post—Bandaging Perfect—Wrong *Leg!*

4½s.: G. Kerney, 17, Barnston Avenue, Platt Lane, Rusholme, Manchester.
The Raiders Passed And—*Foot* Had "Sloop," Anyway!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize Coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupon must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS—Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided and send entry-form in full, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, October 26.

Entry-fee at the rate of 2d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./", and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 7; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into. Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it: not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

PENSION WON OUTRIGHT!

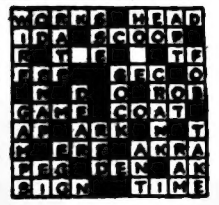
Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 222.

The following competitor receives 30/- Monthly for Life and £100, or lump sum of £250, for out of most meritorious Answers sent in square as right.

H. SMITH,
143, Victoria Road, Aldershot, Hants.

The £25 Runners-up Award has been divided between 26 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entry received. These winners will each receive 18s. 6d.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 222 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.



WINNING WORDS. Across—1. WORKER. 8. HEAD. 9. SCOOP. 14. TEE or TOE. 16. GAME. 17. COAT. 18. NOEL. 19. SHOT. 20. THIN. Down—1. WIRE. 2. ROSE or ROSE. 5. FOR. 6. SHAP. 7. SOCK. 8. CHANT. 13. BEAR. 15. GAMP. 18. TAKE.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points TEE or TOE and ROSE or ROSE were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

FREE PRIVILEGE If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Housewives may get this of one particular brand
8. This on road makes journey seem shorter
9. Good roofing material may be provided by
13. If single, it needn't cost a lot to get this
12. Wanted to climb to top of tree
13. Right dressing is important for one
14. Most housewives know that venison is this
15. One naturally feels better after getting this after long waiting

DOWN CLUES

1. Even brave man often looks this when making dash for shelter
2. One's not so keen on it. If hard work when one's growing this
4. You may be a bit dull if you don't get it
5. Housewife will probably hate cleaning up this
6. Getting out of this isn't likely to worry anyone
7. One's apt to develop arms more than anything else
8. You're quite likely to find one near your path as you tramp across country, especially in low-lying places
10. If you found a message in this it would be wise to hand it to an authorities
11. It's common knowledge that Hitler has changed his

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these EXAMPLES

INVASION OF BRITAIN
SABOTAGE
MIGHTY EMPIRE
PUBLIC MONEY
WHEN WE BEGAN
HEALTH
KEEPS ME AWAKE
IN THE LIGHT
WORTH RISKING
GETTING THE PLUMS

TIRELESSLY
WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN
AS A REPRISAL
TO GET THINGS DONE
WITHOUT DELAY
HE HAD A JOB, BUT
TRUE BLUE
MAN IN THE STREET
LIKE HITLER
THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Makes Life A.....
Road To.....
Shock For.....
Call Of The.....
Why We Can't....
Remedy For.....

ENTRY FEE:— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value **£1** for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1244, Closing Postmark, SAT., OCT. 26.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

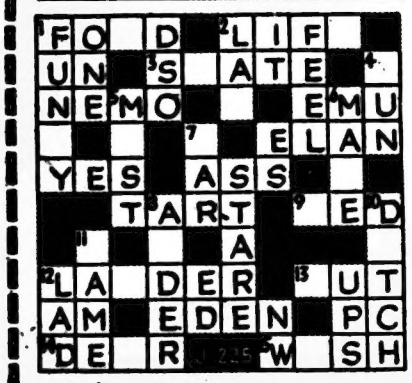
Remember to enclose your 'Bulletin' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

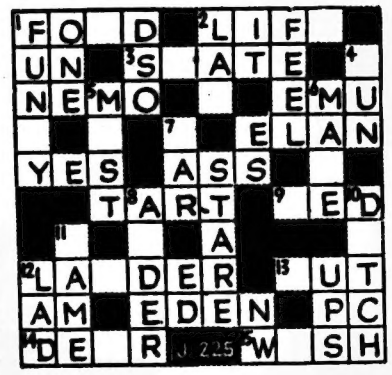
CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1244 X-Word No. 225 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 225. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26.





I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form on left, for entry-fee as directed.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.O. value.... No. .....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE' To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated November 9 you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No 12

A FEW commonsense rules of diet may make all the difference to your sleep. Don't have a heavy supper, which might cause indigestion. Instead have a light nourishing meal, and eat it some hours before you go to bed.

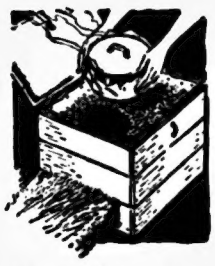
ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

A Light Supper Dish

Try fish and celery casserole for supper. Cut 1½ lbs. fillets of any white fish into convenient pieces. Roll in flour or oatmeal seasoned with salt and pepper, and put in your casserole together with the outside sticks of a good head of celery chopped into inch lengths. Add three or four potatoes roughly sliced, cover with milk and water, half and half, and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

How to make a HAY-BOX

Hay-box cookery is particularly suitable for stews, soups, root vegetables, pulses, porridge and bacon. *And it saves fuel.*



A wooden box measuring about 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. 6 in. square is a convenient size. You can often buy one at your grocers. It must be fitted with a strong lid, secured with hinges and a hasp.

First line the box and lid with several thicknesses of newspaper; then, if you have it, with some clean, old flannel or felt. Use tacks to keep these linings in place.

Pack the box *tightly* with hay to within about 4 ins. of the top, making two nests in the hay for your cooking pans. A padding of hay should also be fixed to the underside of the lid.

Make a hay cushion 4 ins. thick to put on top of your pans.

To use the hay-box, bring your food to the boil in a pan on the stove, put on the lid tightly, then wrap the pan in newspaper and put it in one of the nests in the hay-box. Cover with the cushion, fasten the lid and leave the food to cook, allowing at least twice as long as for ordinary simmering. When required, heat up on the stove again before serving.

Said Mrs. A to Mrs. B:
"Your meals have such variety!
In vain for new ideas I hunt—
I can't think how you do it!"
Said Mrs. B to Mrs. A:
"At 8.15 a.m. each day
I listen in to KITCHEN FRONT,
And after that, Go To It!"

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

1/3d. That Did Not Go West

"I HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN"

When I hear anyone complain about their
STOMACH TROUBLES
I always recommend
YEAST-VITE
Brand Tonic

Lowestoft,
Recd. Sept. 2nd, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

Having been a sufferer with stomach trouble for the past few years, I feel that I must write and tell you the relief I got after taking a bottle of your Yeast-Vite.

I have been under treatment for years with the same old complaint, and each time I have got the same old medicine, and the same advice—don't eat this, and don't eat that, until I thought the best thing for me to do was to try and live on fresh air. Being a labourer and always using a pick and shovel this was impossible; a good square meal was essential for that sort of work, although I used to suffer afterwards, and work became a burden.

I have tried everything under the sun to try and get a little relief, but with the same result—only for a little time—until I saw your advt., so I thought I'd have a go at them. So with a faint heart and this thought running through my mind—"Here's 1/3 going west"—I bought a bottle, and believe me, after eating a meal I should not have eaten (beef pudding) and taking the tablets as directed, I felt very little pain afterwards. So I tried other meals which I was not to eat, with the same results, so now I am not without a bottle of Yeast-Vite tablets. I have told somebody since that with the help of your tablets I believe I could digest concrete, only he advised me not to try. When I hear anyone complain about their stomach troubles, I always recommend Yeast-Vite to them.

Work is child's play to me again.

I remain,
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mr. F. B.

St. Helens,
June 16, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you how wonderful your Yeast-Vite tablets are. I've had headaches for years. I've tried various remedies. I was recommended Yeast-Vite, and after a few weeks I felt much better. I never complain of headaches now.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. H.

"You are doing a work of national importance."

Leicester,
Sept. 2, 1940.

Gentlemen,

I feel that I really must write and thank you for the wonderful benefit I have derived from taking a short course of your famous Yeast-Vite tablets. My work entails long hours and tedious journeys to all parts of the country, and I am quite sure that but for the help given me by these tablets I would not have been able to carry on at all.

Such consistent advertising of this product over a number of years MUST convince anyone that they ARE good; a little thought will show that no matter how much money is spent on advertising a commodity, sooner or later, it MUST stand on its merit, and if it fails to stand up to this test all money spent on publicity is entirely wasted. In manufacturing these tablets you are doing a work of national importance, and I take this opportunity of wishing the firm every success.

I shall certainly recommend Yeast-Vite on every possible occasion; in my opinion, in these days it is a blessing.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) G. B. F.

Accept This Offer!

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), especially rich in vitamin B and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. It is therefore a QUICK acting tonic, so successful that we make the following fair-play offer. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

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